CHILDHOOD SONGS

A. J. ROWLAND
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CHILDHOOD SONGS

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A BOOK OF WORDS AND
MUSIC FOR PRIMARY
CLASSES AND THE HOME

EDITED BY

MIRA and MABEL ROWLAND

PHILADELPHIA

A. J. ROWLAND—1420 Chestnut Street

1898

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A. J. ROWLAND

From the Press of the
American Baptist Publication Society

Publisher's Note

"Childhood Songs" has been prepared to meet a demand for a first-class book for the primary department in Sunday-schools and for home use among the little folks. It is the outgrowth, in great part, of an experience of several years in primary work. Most of its melodies have been subjected to practical tests which have demonstrated their adaptedness to the powers and tastes of little children. As will be seen, these melodies align themselves with the newer music of the day. They will be found on trial to be as simple as they are sweet and harmonious. Great attention has been given to the words as well as to the music. The hymns are within the comprehension of the youngest child, but the truths and sentiments they express are of the highest order and in the best form. The editors have done their utmost to combine variety with excellence. It is believed that there is not a single page which will not be found available and helpful.

The thanks of the editors and publisher are due and are hereby tendered to Prof. D. Batchellor, Thomas G. Shearman, Margaret Bradford Morton, Caro A. Dugan, Helen H. Cobb, Lucy Rider Meyer, W. H. Doane, Theo. F. Seward, Chas. L. Hutchins, T. E. Perkins, The Century Co., The Oliver Ditson Co., and others, for the use of words and music; to Dr. E. H. Johnson and Prof. D. Batchellor for valuable suggestions; and to Rev. E. E. Ayres for reading and revising proof.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

1 From Quiet Night.

D. Batchellor.

Andante.

1. From qui - et night, The sun's bright light Wakes us, the morning bring - ing, O God, thy care Is ev - 'ry - where, To thee our songs we're sing - ing, To thee our songs we're sing - ing.

2 By this sweet rest
Thou hast us blest,
Our strength again renewing,
And this, to-day
We'll use, and pray,
O Father, bless our doing,
O Father, bless our doing.

2 Morning Bright.

M. R.

Once more the sun sheds brightness on The day the chil - dren love;

For rest at night, and morning light, We thank the Lord a - bove.

3 Child's Morning Hymn.

REBECCA J. WESTON. D. BATCHELLOR.

1. Father, we thank thee for the night, And for the pleasant morning light;

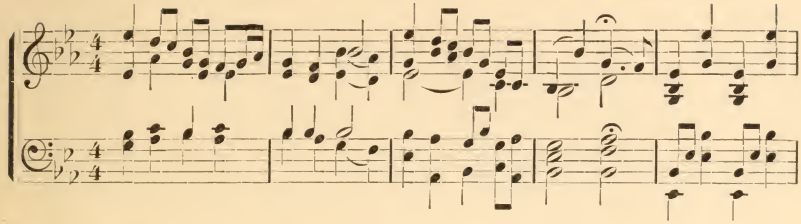
For rest and food and lov - ing care, And all that makes the world so fair.

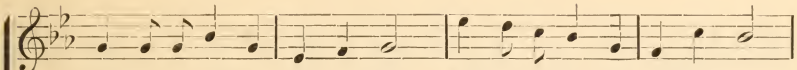
2 Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work or play,
To love thee better day by day.

3

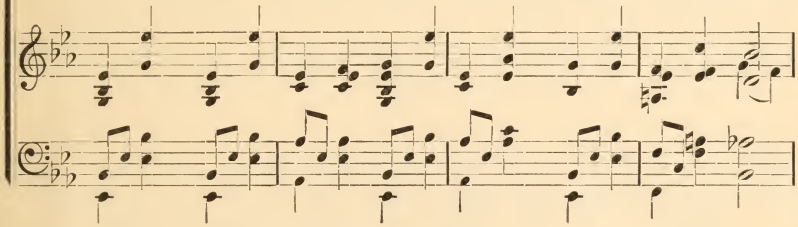
Child's Morning Hymn.

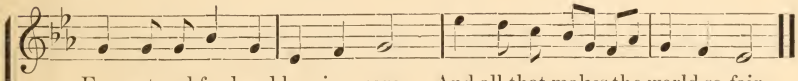
(Second Tune.) KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.



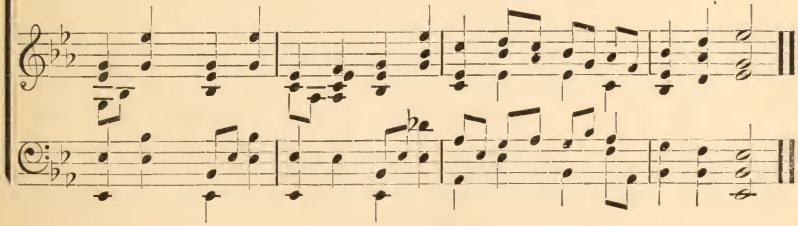


1. Father, we thank thee for the night, And for the pleasant morning light;





For rest and food and lov- ing care, And all that makes the world so fair.



2 Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work or play,
To love thee better day by day.

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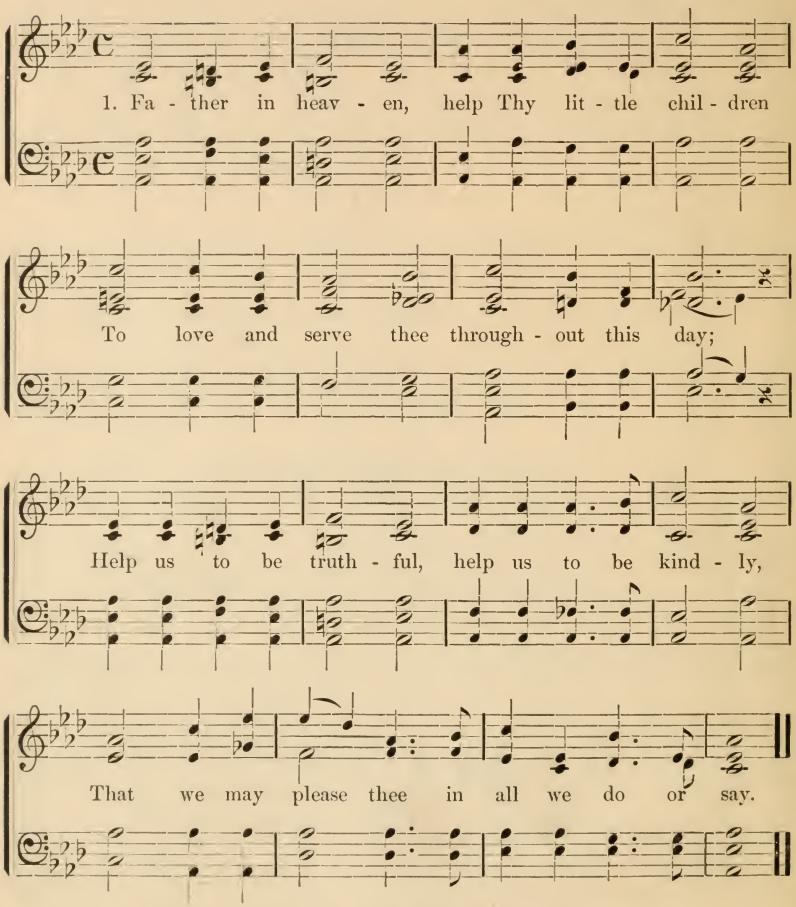
Morning Prayer.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.



2 Dear Lord, we pray thee, keep thy little children
From doing wrong through this happy day;
Hear our morning promise, Father help us keep it,
That we may bless thee in all we do or say.

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5 Morning Prayer.

N. A. S.

1. Now the night is o - ver, day has come a - gain,

We are safe and hap - py, free from care and pain.

For these things, our Fa - ther, lov - ing thanks we bring,

Prais - es for thy good - ness thy lit - tle chil - dren sing.

2 In the hours before us, in their work and play,
Let us all be loving, kind in all we say;
Try to please each other, try to do the right,
Make the day a glad one, and thank thee for its light!

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6 God is There.

1. When o'er earth is break - ing Ro - sy light and fair,
Morn a - far is tell - ing Sweet-ly, God is there, Sweetly, God is there.

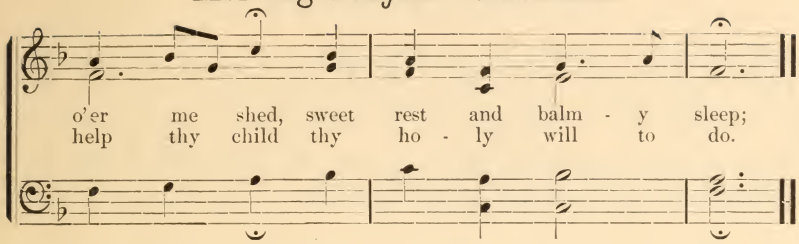
2 When the Spring is wreathing
Flowers rich and rare,
On each leaf is written
Nature's God is there,
Nature's God is there.

7 Morning Prayer.

REINECKE.

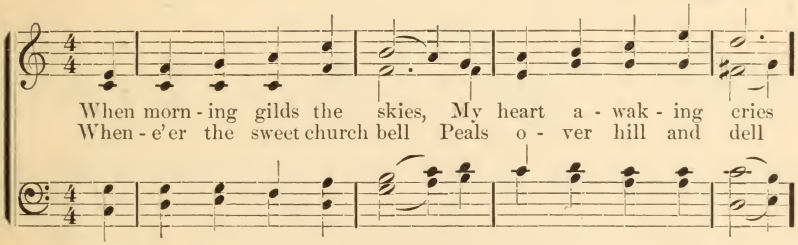
1. Great God in heav'n Who by my bed thy
2. I thank thee, Lord, and Fa - ther mild, and
faith - ful watch did'st keep, And night's best bless - ings
all thine an - gels too, And pray thee still to

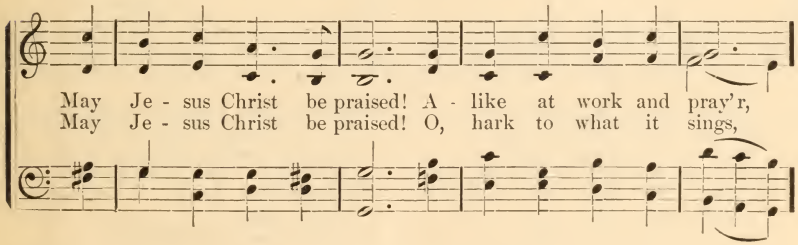
Morning Prayer.—Concluded.

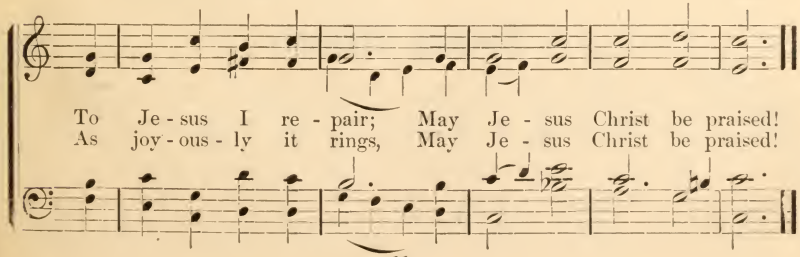


8 Morning.

Sir Joseph Barnby.







9 Closing Hymn.

F. W. Faber. W. H. Monk.

1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go, Thy word in - to our minds in - still;

And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fervent will.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.

2 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

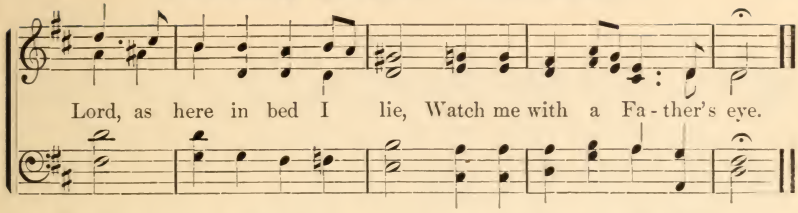
3 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come,
Thro' night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

10 Evening Prayer.

Hensel. Reinecke.

1. Wea - ri - ly at daylight's close, Lit - tle eye - lids seek re - pose;

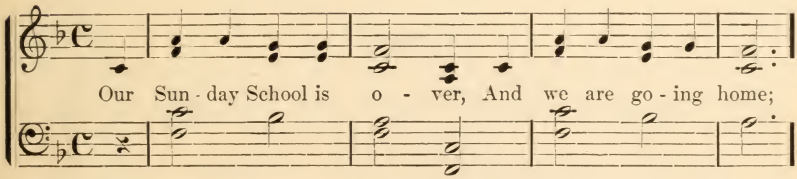
Evening Prayer.—Concluded.



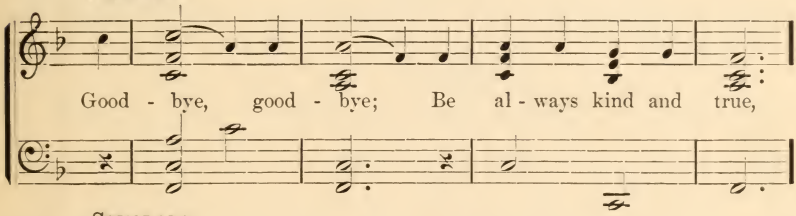
2 Parents, brothers, sisters dear,
Have them in thy heav'nly care;
All mankind, whoe'er they be,
Let them find repose in thee.

3 Sick and weary, all who weep,
Father close their eyes in sleep;
Let the great moon from the sky
O'er the world shine silently.

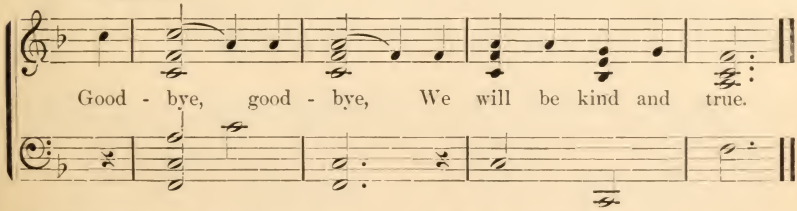
11 Good-Bye Song.



TEACHER.



SCHOLARS.



In some schools when singing "Good-bye," the teachers and scholars salute each other with an outward wave of the hand, first with the right and then with the left; or the song may be sung by the children as they march from the room.

Daylight From the Sky Has Faded.

D. Batchellor.

mp *p*

1. Day-light from the sky has fad - ed, Shad- ows fall o'er land and sea;

m *mf*

Ere in sleep our eyes are shad - ed, Lord, we lift our hearts to thee.

mp *cres - cen - - do.*

Take not thou thy light a-way,..... Fair-er than the light of day.....

mf *dim . . . . e . . . . . rall.*

Fa-ther, let thy presence cheer..... us, Darkness flies when thou art near us.

2 Flowers, amid the calm of even,
Lift their heads, refresh'd with dew,
Weary hearts look up to heaven,
There to find their strength anew;
Thus we thirst for thee, O Lord;
Let thy grace on us be poured,
Cleanse and pardon and restore us,
Shed the dew of blessing o'er us.

3 Babes, their trustful eyelids closing,
Slumber on their mother's breast;
Little birds, in peace reposing,
Under parentwings find rest:
Whither shall thy children flee,
Heavenly Father, but to thee?
Thou will watch, while, in thy keeping,
Calm and peaceful, we are sleeping.

When the Little Children Sleep.

REINECKE.

Andante.

1. When the lit - tle children sleep, Lit-tle stars are wak - ing; Angels bright from
2. When the lit - tle children wake, Lit-tle stars are sleep- ing; Angels bright in

p

ritard.

heaven come, And till morn is breaking, They will watch the live-long night, By their beds till
raiment white, Still their watch are keeping; They will watch by night or day, Never let them

mf *p ritard.*

pp in tempo. *poco a poco ritardando.*

morning light, When the little children sleep, Stars and an-gels watch do keep.
go a-stray, When the lit-tle children wake, When the lit-tle children wake.

pp

Eventide.

Words arr. M. R. W. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide;

The dark - ness deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.

2 Though night descend, the darkness holds no fear;
No harm can come while Thou art ever near!
Grant me o'er sin and wrong the victory,
All through my life, dear Lord, abide with me.

15 Hear Thy Children, Gentle Jesus.

From Kilburn Hymns. C. A. Barnard.

1. Hear thy chil-dren, gen-tle Je-sus, While we breathe our eve'ning prayer;

Save us from all harm and dan-ger, Take us 'neath thy sheltering care.

2 Shield us from the wiles of Satan
From the perils of this night;
Safely may the guardian angels
Keep us in their watchful sight.

3 Gentle Jesus! look in pity
From thy glorious throne above;
Though we sleep, thy heart is wakeful,
Still for us it beats with love.

4 Shades of evening fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom;
When our earthly life is ended,
Lead thy ransomed children home.

16 Sylvester.

Mary Lundie Duncan. J. B. Dykes.

1. Je-sus, tender Shepherd, hear me; Bless thy lit-tle lamb to-night;

Through the darkness be thou near me, Keep me safe till morn-ing light.

2 All this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer: [me,

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

17 Cradle Song.

ANNA WARNER. T. E. PERKINS.

1. O lit- tle child, lie still and sleep; Je- sus is here, Thou need'st not fear;

No one need fear whom God doth keep By day or night, By day or night;

Then lay thee down in slumber deep, Till morning light, Till morning light.

Copyright, 1870, in "Songs of Salvation," by T. E. Perkins.

2 O little child, be still and rest,—
He sweetly sleeps
Whom Jesus keeps,—
And in the morning wake so blest,
His child to be,
His child to be;
Love every one, but love him best,—
He first loved thee,
He first loved thee.

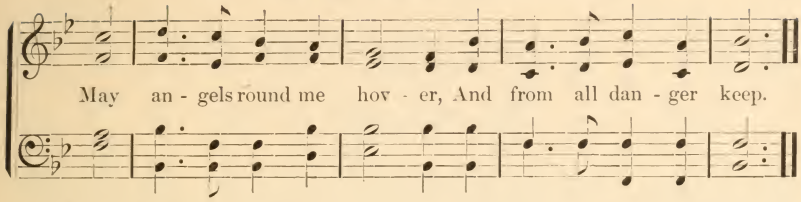
3 O little child, when thou must die,
Fear nothing then,
But say, "Amen"
To God's command, and quiet lie
In his kind hand,
In his kind hand.
Till he shall say, "Dear child, come, fly
To heaven's bright land,
To heaven's bright land."

18 The Day is Past.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. The day is past and o - ver, I lay me down to sleep,

The Day is Past. Concluded.



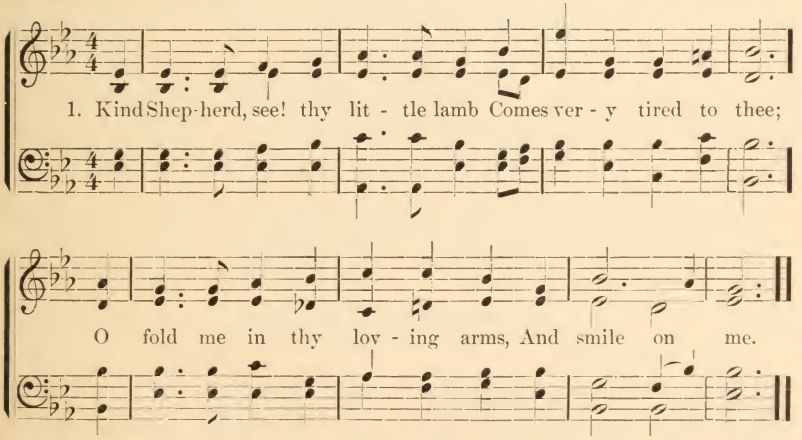
2 I thank the bounteous Giver
For all his gifts this day;
And pray that I may ever,
His care with love repay.

3 I pray him to forgive me
For every sin this day,
And always strength to give me,
His statutes to obey.

4 I pray him to awake me,
At early morning gleam;
And when I die to take me,
To dwell in heaven with him.

19 Evening Hymn.

MRS. H. P. HAWKINS. J. B. DYKES.



2 I've wandered from thy fold to-day,
And would not hear thee call;
And oh! I was not happy then,
Nor glad at all.

3 I want, dear Saviour, to be good,
And follow close to thee
Thro' flow'ry meads and pastures green,
And happy be.

4 Thou kind, good Shepherd! in thy fold
I evermore would keep.
In morning's light and evening's shade,
And while I sleep.

5 But now, dear Jesus, let me lay
My head upon thy breast;
I am too tired to tell thee more,
Thou know'st the rest.

20 Sun of My Soul.

Rev John Keble. P. Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near; Oh! may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy serv - ant's eyes.

2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ried eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

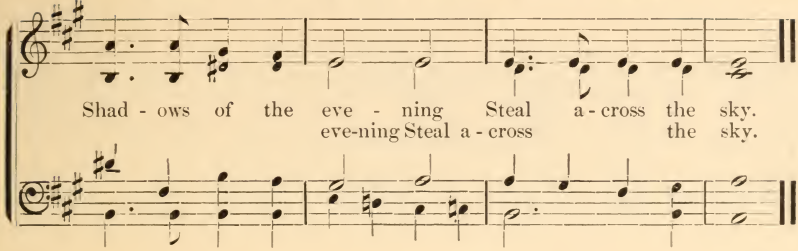
4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

21 Now the Day is Over.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Sir Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,

Now the Day is Over.—Concluded.



2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

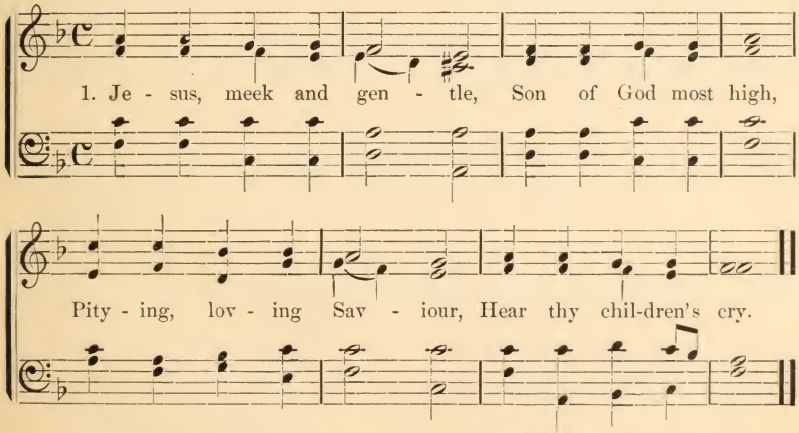
3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching 'round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

22 Jesus, Meek, and Gentle.

G. R. Prynne. German. arr. by W. H. Monk.



2 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus
To the realms above.

3 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

23 God, Make My Life a Little Light.

Mrs. Edwards. D. Batchellor.

1. God, make my life a lit-tle light, With-in the world to glow,

A lit-tle flame that burneth bright, Wher-ev-er I may go.

Chorus.

O Fa-ther, help thy chil-dren, Do thou our foot-steps guide,

We walk in peace and safe-ty, While keeping at thy side.

2 God, make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

3 God, make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have,
May serve my neighbor best.

4 God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

5 God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,—
Of faith, that never waxeth dim
In all his wondrous ways.

23 God, Make My Life a Little Light.

MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS. (Second Tune.) R. JACKSON.

1. God, make my life a lit - tle light, With - in the world to glow,

A lit - tle flame that burneth bright, Wherev - er I may go.

24 Saviour, Who Thy Flock.

Rev. W. A. MUHLENBERG. Rev. EDMUND S. CARTER.

1. Saviour! who thy flock art feeding With the Shepherd's kindest care,

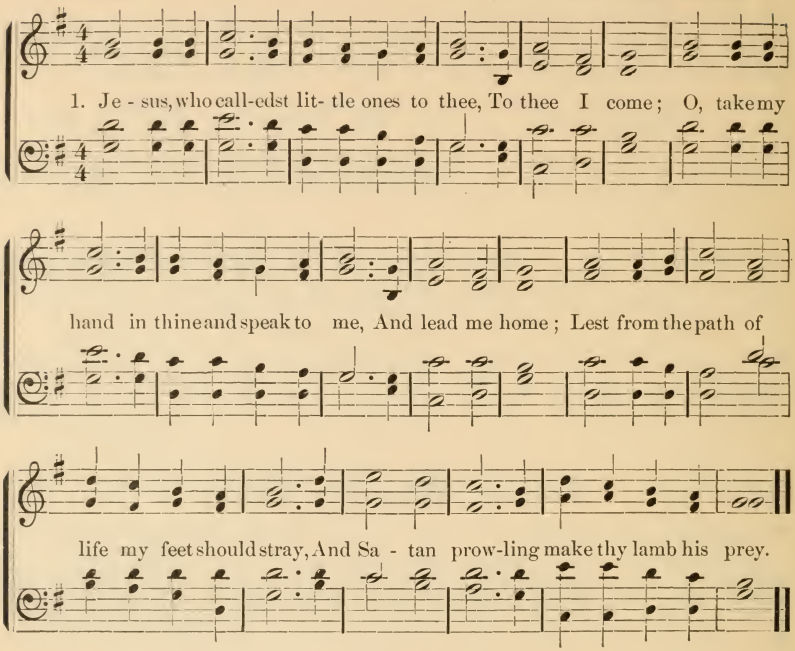
All the fee - ble gen - tly leading, While the lambs thy bos - om share.

2 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

3 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

25 Jesus, who Calledst Little Ones to Thee.

C. C. Bell. C. H. Purday.



2 I love to think that thou with holy feet
My path hast trod,
Along life's common lane and dusty street
Hast walked with God.
On Mary's bosom drawn a baby's breath
And served thy parents dear at Nazareth.

3 O gentle Jesus, make this heart of mine
(So full of sin)
As holy, harmless, undefiled as thine
And dwell therein.
Then, God my Father, I, like thee, shall know,
And grow in wisdom as in strength I grow.

4 To thee my Saviour, then, with morning light,
Glad songs I'll raise,
My saddest hours and darkest shall be bright
With silent praise.
And should my work or play my thoughts employ,
Thy will shall be my law, thy love my joy.

26 Jesus, Holy, Undefiled.

Mrs. E. Shepcote. J. B. Dykes.

1. Je - sus, ho - ly, un - de - filed, Lis - ten to a lit - tle child:

Thou hast sent the glo - rious light, Chas-ing far the si - lent night.

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of thine,
Warmth to give and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

3 Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise,
In the early songs they raise.

4 Thou, by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

27 Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep.

J. E. Leeson. Tune.—"Jesus, Holy, Undefiled."

1 Loving Shepherd of thy sheep,
Keep thy lambs, in safety keep;
Nothing can thy power withstand;
None can pluck us from thy hand.

2 Loving Saviour, thou did'st give
Thine own life that we might live;
And the hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

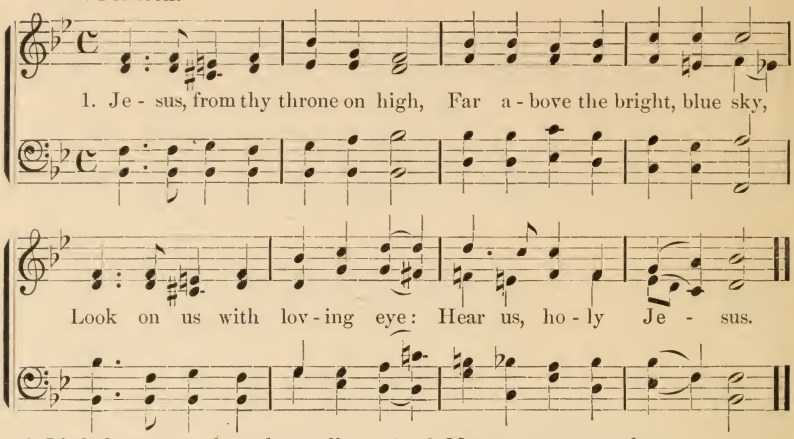
3 We would praise thee every day,
Gladly all thy will obey,
Like the blessed ones above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach thy lambs thy voice to hear;
Suffer not our steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

5 Where thou leadest we would go,
Walking in thy steps below
Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.

28 Prayer.

T. B. Pollock.



2 Little hearts may love thee well,
Little lips thy love may tell,
Little hymns thy praises swell:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly thine:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Be thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may thy angels bright,
Keep us safe till morning light:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

6 May we ever try to be
From all sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like thee:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

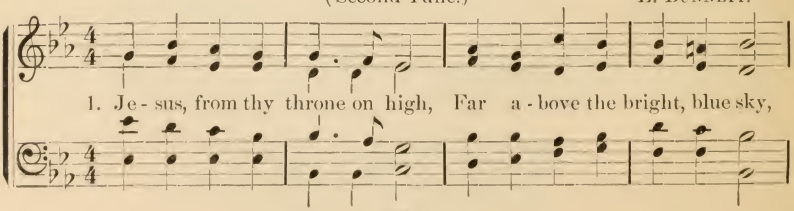
7 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

8 Jesus, Son of God, most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

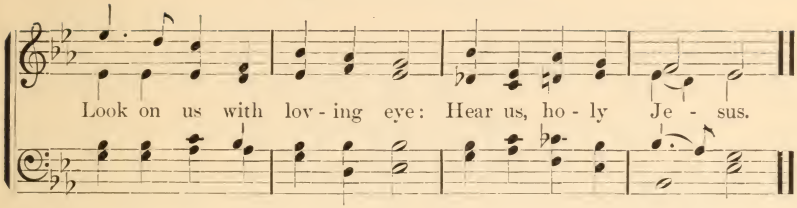
9 Jesus, whom we hope to see,
Calling us, in heaven to be
Happy evermore with thee:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

28 Prayer.

(Second Tune.) E. Bunnett.



Prayer.—Concluded.



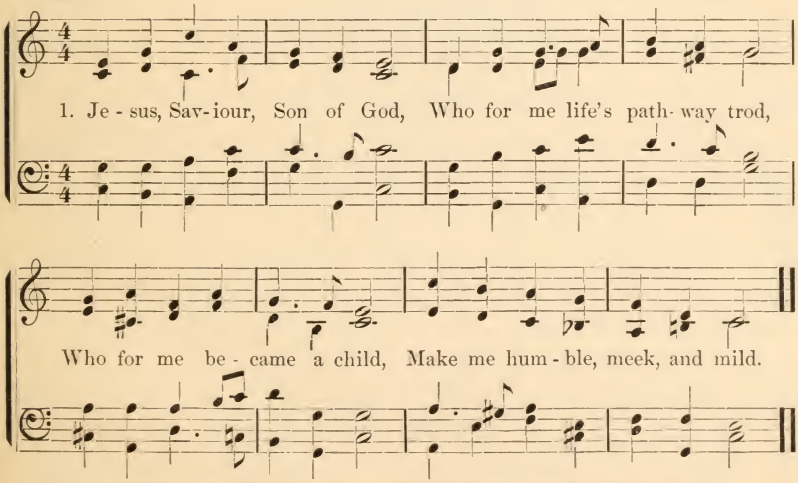
2 Little children need not fear,
When they know that thou art near,
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Little lambs may come to thee,
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly thine:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

29 Jesus, Saviour, Son of God.

Anon. F. A. G. Ouseley.



2 I thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow thee;
Samuel was thy child of old,
Take me, too, within thy fold.

3 Teach me how to pray to thee,
Make me wholly heavenly;
Let me love what thou dost love,
Let me live with thee above.

30 Little Lambs.

H. J. Gauntlett.

1. Lit - tle lambs so white and fair, Are the shepherd's con- stant care;

Now he leads their ten - der feet, In - to past-ures green and sweet.

2 Now they listen and obey,
Following where he leads the way;
Heavenly Father, may we be
Thus obedient unto thee.

31 Prayer.

C. Wesley. J. B. Dykes.

1. Lamb of God, I look to thee; Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;

Thou art gen - tle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a lit - tle child.

Prayer.—Concluded.

2 Fain I would be as thou art;
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have thy loving mind.

3 Let me, above all, fulfill,
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

32 My Saviour Dear.

T. Palgrave. T. E. Perkins, by per.

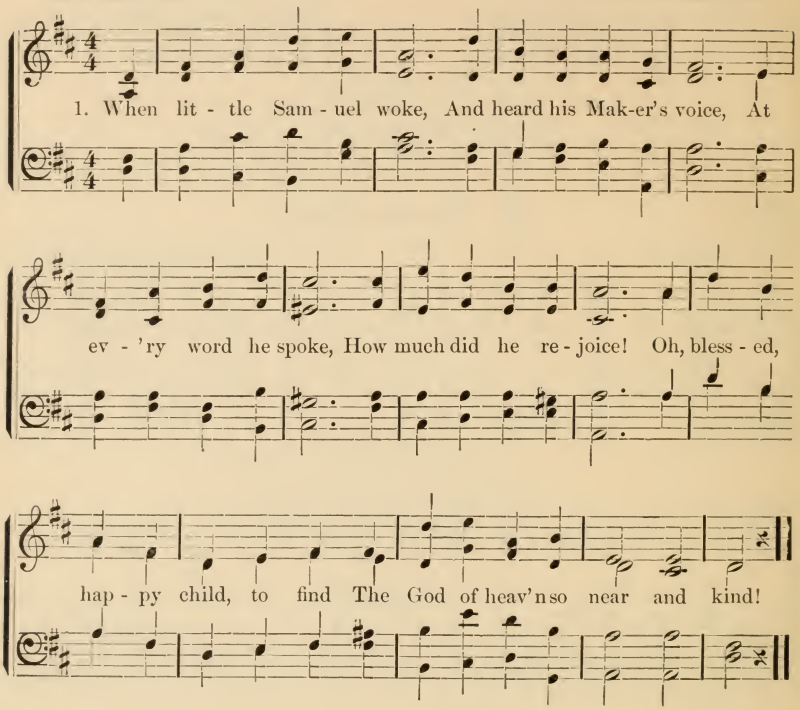
1. Thou that once on moth-er's knee Wast a lit - tle one like me,
When I wake or go to bed, Lay thy hand up - on my head;
Let me feel thee ve - ry near, Je - sus Christ, my Sav-iour dear.

2 Stay beside me in the light,
Close beside me all the night,
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do.
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

3 Thou art near me when I pray,
Though thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, my Saviour dear.
Thou that once on mother's knee,
Wast a little child like me.

33 When Little Samuel Woke.

JANE TAYLOR. DR. C. STEGGALL.



2 If God would speak to me,
And say he was my Friend,
How happy I should be!
Oh, how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak?
Oh, yes; for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard;
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I beneath his care
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there
To guard my humble bed;
And every sin I well may fear
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel let me say,
Whene'er I read thy word,—
"Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that I have heard:"
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

Angel Voices.

FRANCIS POTT. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. An - gel voi - ces ev - er sing - ing Round thy

throne of light, An - gel harps for - ev - er ring - ing,

Rest not day nor night: Thous - ands on - ly

live to bless thee, And con - fess thee, Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mental eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that thou art near us,
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of thine own to thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

From the Far Blue Heaven.

Words arr. by N. A. S. REINECKE.

f Andantino.

1. From the far blue heaven, Where the angels dwell, God looks down on children
2. Hap-py lit- tle children, Hear the truth we tell, God will not for - get you,

f *p* *mf*

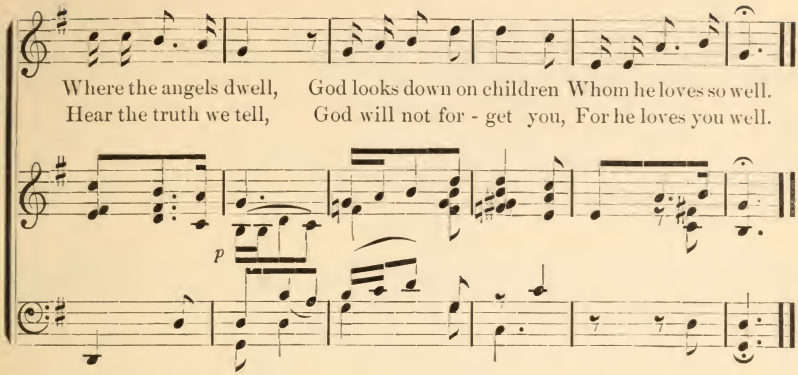
Whom he loves so well; He will like a father give them Ev' ry day their bread,
For he loves you well; Just as he loves all the birdies, All the flow' rs and trees,

p

To the end will keep them Safe from fear and dread. From the far blue heaven,
So he loves his children, And their trouble sees. Happy lit - tle children,

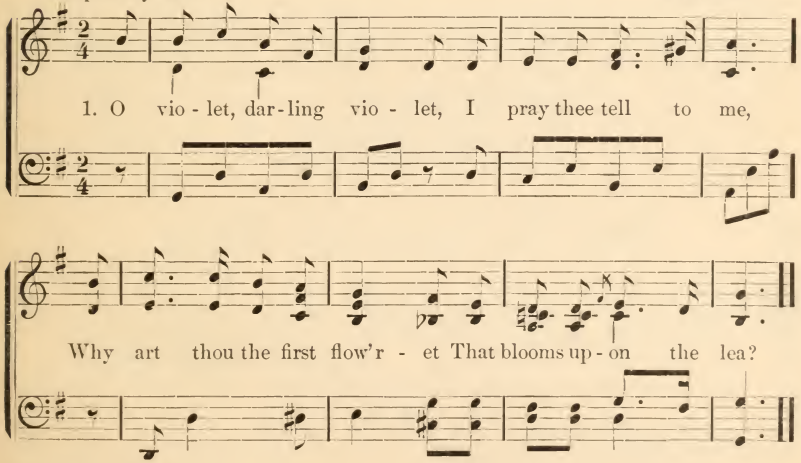
f

From the Far Blue Heaven.—Concluded.



36 The Violet.

Adapted by M. R. REINECKE.

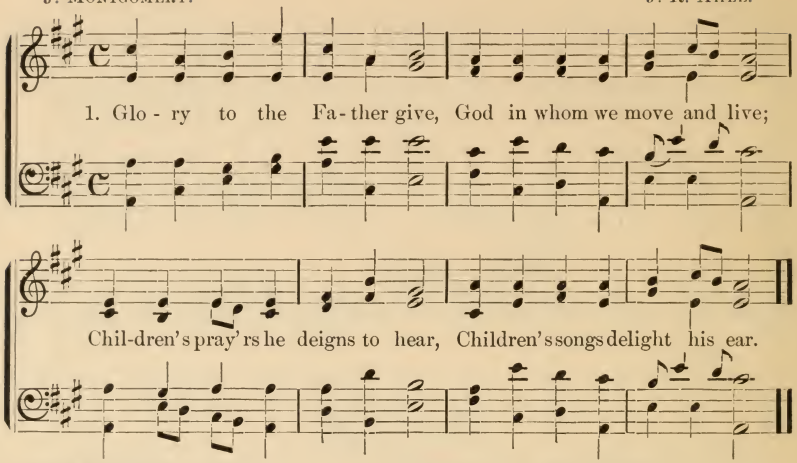


2 Because I am so tiny,
That is the reason why,
Were other flowers near me
You all would pass me by.

3 Our Father made thee, violet,
And loves thee, tho' so small;
And we're his little children,
And know he loves us all.

37 Glory to the Father Give.

J. Montgomery. J. R. Ahle.



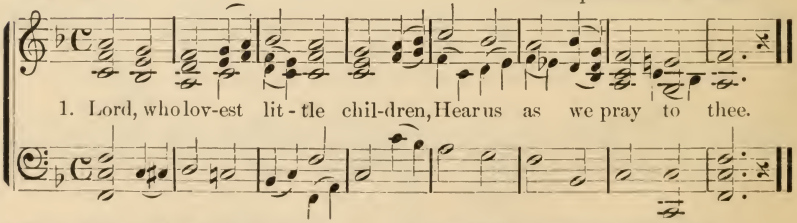
2 Glory to the Son we bring;
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

38 Lord, Who Lovest Little Children.

M. R. Adapted from Novello.



2 Thou who lived a holy child life,
Help us to be pure like thee.

3 In our school-time and our playing,
Make us gentle, Lord, like thee.

4 Guard our lips from every evil,
Help us to be true like thee.

5 When to anger we are tempted,
Help us to be meek like thee.

Lord, Who Lovest Little Children.—Concluded.

6 Thou did'st live thy life for others,
Make us helpful, Lord, like thee.

7 What thou sendest, pain or pleasure,
Help us all to bear for thee.

8 Thou on earth wast ever loving
Make us ever more like thee.

9 Lord who lovest little children,
Hear us as we pray to thee.

39 Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sav - iour, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need thy tenderest care; }
{ In thy pleasant pastures feed us; For our use thy folds prepare: }

Bless- ed Je - sus, Bless- ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are,

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor;
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

40 See Israel's Gentle Shepherd.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stands With all en - gag - ing charms; See how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

41 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

TUNE.—See Israel's Gentle Shepherd.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one
Stoop down and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived
And now I live in him.

Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,

Cho.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,

rit. FINE.

There by his love o'er shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

There by his love o'er shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,

D. C. Chorus.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.....

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

43 The World Looks Very Beautiful.

ANNA B. WARNER. F. C. MAKER.

1. The world looks ver - y beau - ti - ful, And full of joy to me;

The sun shines out in glo - ry On ev - 'rything I see:

I know I shall be hap - py, While in the world I stay,

For I will fol - low Je - sus All the way.

The World Looks Very Beautiful.—Concluded.

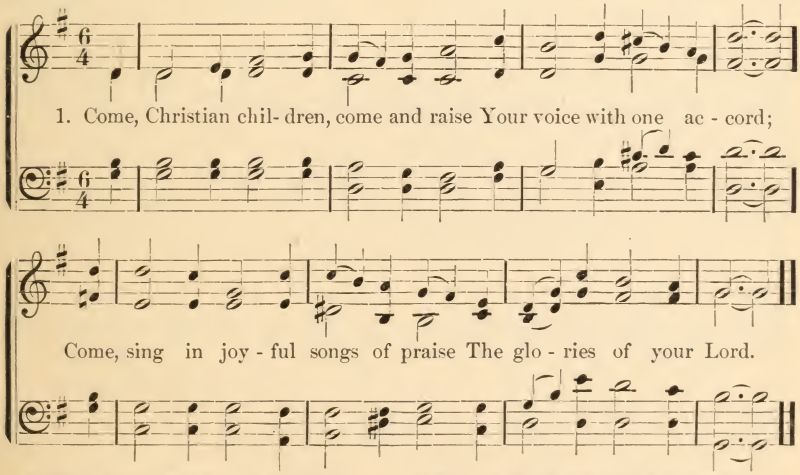
2 I'm but a little pilgrim,
My journey's just begun;
They say I shall meet sorrow
Before my journey's done;
The world is full of sorrow
And suffering they say;
But I will follow Jesus
All the way.

3 Then, like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it, joy or sorrow,
And lay at Jesus' feet;
He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away:
With joy I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

4 Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear,
For when I'm close by Jesus,
Grief cannot come too near;
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day
To heaven I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

44 Praise.

D. A. Thrupp. Sir Joseph Barnby.



2 Sing of the wonders of his love,
And loudest praises give
To him who left his throne above,
And died that you might live.

3 Sing of the wonders of his truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth,
Fulfilled to latest age.

4 Sing of the wonders of his power,
Who with his own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

5 Sing of the wonders of his grace,
Who made and keeps you his,
And guides you to th' appointed place,
At his right hand in bliss.

45 I Would be Thy Little Lamb.

JOHN ADCOCK.

1. I would be thy lit - tle lamb, Sav - iour dear, Sav - iour dear;

Wilt thou take me as I am? Hast thou room for me?

Wilt thou lead me all the day, In the straight and nar - row way?

Shall I nev - er, nev - er stray, Bless - ed One, from thee?

2 When I breathe my simple prayer,
Thou art near, very near;
When I ask thy tender care,
Thou wilt look on me;
Softly in my heart I know,
'Tis thy voice that murmurs low,
"Come, I'll wash thee white as snow,
Child, I died for thee."

3 Didst thou lay thy glory by,
Saviour mine, Saviour mine?
Didst thou suffer, bleed, and die,
For a child like me?
Gladly I will come to-day:
From thy love I cannot stay;
All along the heavenly way
I will follow thee.

46 Can a Little Child Like Me?

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. W. K. Bassford.

1. Can a lit - tle child like me Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly?
2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of thee,

Yes, oh, yes! be good and true, Pa - tient, kind in all you do;
For the earth in beau - ty drest, Fa - ther, moth - er, and the rest;

Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:—
For thy precious, lov - ing care, For thy boun - ty ev - erywhere.

Refrain.

Father, we thank thee, Father, we thank thee, Father in heaven, we thank thee.

3 For the sunshine warm and bright,
For the day and for the night;
For the lessons of our youth,
Honor, gratitude, and truth;
For the love that met us here,
For the home and for the cheer.

4 For our comrades and our plays,
And our happy holidays;
For the joyful work and true,
That a little child may do;
For our lives but just begun;
For the great gift of thy Son.

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Valens.

THEODULPH, Bp. of Orleans.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

Arr. from Catholic Hymns.

1. Glo - ry and praise and hon - or To thee, Re - deem - er, King,
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring,

REFRAIN.

Glo - ry and praise and hon - or, To thee, Re- deem - er, King,
To whom the lips of children Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

2 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

3 Thou wentest to thy passion
Amid their shouts of praise:
Thou reignest now in glory,
While we our anthems raise.

4 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

Ellacombe.

W. W. How. St. Gall's Coll.

1. Come, praise your Lord and Sav - iour In strains of ho - ly mirth!

FINE.

Give thanks to him O child - ren, Who lived a child on earth;

D.S.—His lov - ing arms em braced them And for their sake he died.

D.S.

He loved the lit - tle chil - dren, And called them to his side,

2 O Jesus, we would praise thee
With songs of holy joy;
For thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us like thee, obedient,
Like thee from sin-stains free,
Like thee in God's own temple,
In lowly home like thee.

3 O Jesus, we would praise thee,
The lowly maiden's Son:
In thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
O give that best adornment
That Christian child can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in thee so fair.

4 O Lord, with voices lifted
We sing our songs of praise;
Be thou the light and pattern
Of all our child-hood's days;
And lead us ever onward,
That while we stay below
We may, like thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

49 Thou Art Guiding Me.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. "Let the children come," Christ said, Lord, my heart is comfort - ed;
Safe - ly shall my feet be led, For thou art guid - ing me.

2 I am but a little one;
Nothing noble have I done;
No great victories have won;
Yet thou art guiding me.

3 Saviour! choose the path I take,
Help me evil to forsake,
Me thy little servant make,
While thou art guiding me.

50 Alstone.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. C. E. WILLING.

1. We are but lit - tle children weak, Nor born in an - y high es - tate;
2. Oh! day by day, each Christian child Has much to do with-out, with - in:
What can we do for Je - sus' sake, Who is so high and good and great?
A death to die for Je - sus' sake, A wea - ry war to wage with sin.

Alstone. Concluded.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes,—

4 Then may we stay the angry blow,
Then may we check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind, good-humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

6 There's not a child so small and weak,
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

51 Oh, What Can Little Hands Do?

Adapted.

1. Oh, what can lit - tle hands do To please the King of heav'n?
2. Oh, what can lit - tle lips do To please the King of heav'n?

RESPONSE.

The lit- tle hands some work may try That will some sim - ple want sup- ply:
The lit- tle lips can praise and pray, And gen - tle words of kindness say;

Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.
Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.

3 Oh, what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book:
Such grace to mine be given,
Such grace to mine be given.

4 Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
Young hearts, if he his Spirit send,
Can love their Maker, Saviour, Friend:
Such grace to mine be given,
Such grace to mine be given.

Spohr.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. LOUIS SPOHR.

1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing thou must be,

To leave thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me!

Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, though so near;

The sweet-ness of thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.

2 I can not feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child:
But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.
Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too:
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

Jesus, High in Glory.

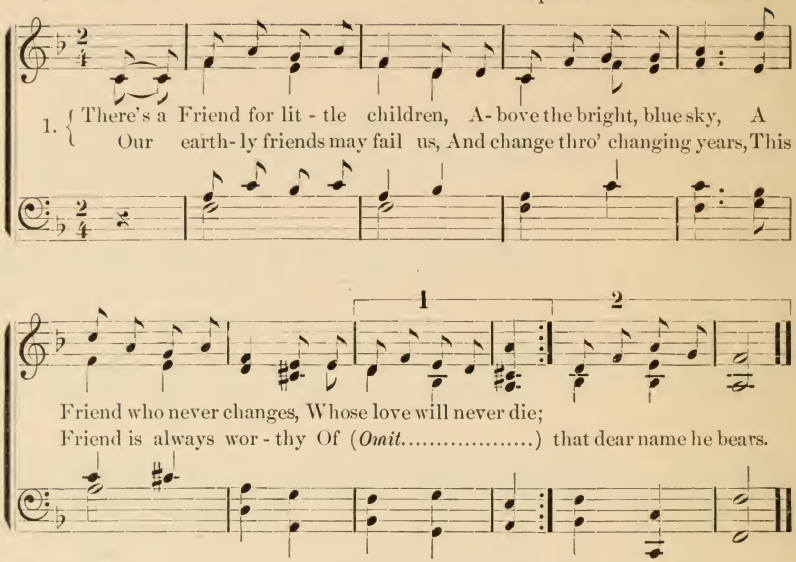
J. E. Clark. J. B. Calkin.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list-'ning ear;
When we bow be - fore thee, Chil-dren's prais - es hear.
Though thou art so ho - ly, Heav'n's Al-might - y King,
Thou wilt stoop to list - en When thy praise we sing.

2 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.
Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love thee;
Take our sins away.

54 There's a Friend for Little Children.

A. Midlane. Adapted from the Swedish.



2 There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus,
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which he will then bestow
On those who found his favor,
And loved his name below.

5 There's a song for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing,
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship him as King.

There's a Friend for Little Children.

A. Midlane. (Second Tune.) J. Stainer.

1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A- bove the bright, blue sky,

A Friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die;

Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change thro' changing years,

This friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear name he bears.

55 In Our Dear Lord's Garden.

E. S. A.

1. In our dear Lord's gar - den, Plant - ed here be - low,

Ma - ny tin - y flow - 'rets In sweet beau - ty grow.

Christ, the lov - ing gard'n - er Finds these blos - soms small;

Loves the lit - tle lil - ies As the ce - dars tall.

2 Nothing is too little
For his gentle care;
Nothing is too lowly
In his love to share.
Jesus loves the children
Children such as we,—
Blessed them when their mothers
Brought them to his knee.

3 Jesus calls the children,
Bids them come and stand
In his pleasant garden
Watered by his hand.
Lord, thy call we answer;
Take us in thy care,
Train us in thy garden
In thy work to share.

Avé.

1. Once was heard the song of chil-dren, By the Sav-iour, when on earth;

Joy-ful in the sa-cred tem-ple Shouts of youthful praise had birth;

And ho-san-nas, And ho-san-nas, Loud to Da-vid's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him.
In fair Salem's crowded street;
While hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3 God, o'er all in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring:
Glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

57 Jesus Bids Us Shine.

EMILY H. MILLER.

1. Je - sus bids us shine With a pure clear light,
Like a lit - tle can - dle, Burn - ing in the night;
In the world is dark - ness, So we must shine,
You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine
First of all for him,
Well he sees and knows it
If our light grows dim;
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine
Then, for all around;
For many kinds of darkness,
In the world are found,
Sin and want and sorrow;
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

God the Father in Heaven.

W. Hey. Reinecke.

1. From the bright blue heav - ens with the an - gels mild,
God our lov - ing Fa - ther looks on ev - 'ry child;
Lov - ing - ly he list - ens to each lit - tle pray'r
Watch - es ev - 'ry foot - step with a Fa - ther's care.

2 With a Father's kindness gives him daily bread;
Shields from every danger every little head;
Tell all little children of this Father true;
Who will ne'er forsake them, if his will they do.

59 Thou Art My Shepherd.

Miss Elsie Thalheimer. German.

1. Thou art my Shep - herd, Car - ing in ev - 'ry need,
Thy lit - tle lamb to feed, Trust - ing thee still,
In the green pas - tures low, Where liv - ing wa - ters flow,
Safe by thy side I go, Fear - ing no ill.

2 Or if my way lie
Where death o'erhanging nigh,
My soul would terrify,
With sudden chill,—
Yet I am not afraid;
While softly on my head
Thy tender hand is laid,
I fear no ill.

Samuel.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS. Arr. from ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Hushed was the evening hymn, The tem- ple courts were dark; The lamp was burning dim Be- fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den- ly a voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.

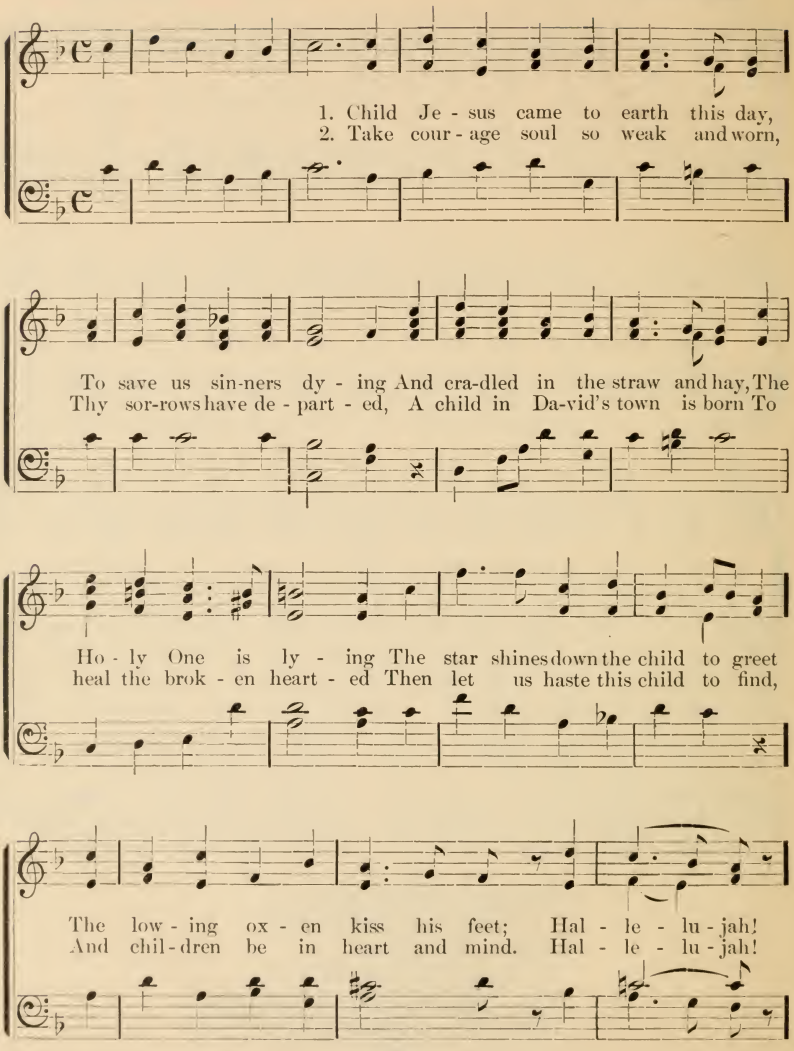
2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word;
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's mind
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death;
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Christmas Song.

N. W. Gade.



Christmas Song.—Concluded.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Child Je - sus!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Child Je - sus!

62 Christmas Hymn.

E. N. Arndt. Reinecke.

1. Thou, ho - ly Je - sus, meek and mild, Was born to - day a lit - tle child; So ev- 'ry-where, both far and near, This day brings children ma - ny cheer. Thou, gen - tle Je - sus, ho - ly and mild!

2 Though I'm but little, bless me still,
And guard my path from every ill;
Bathed in thy heavenly fountain clear,
Make my soul clean, thou Saviour dear.
Thou, gentle Jesus, holy and mild!

3 That I may be an angel too,
And only seek thy will to do,
Grant me but this, dear Saviour mine
To keep me humble, make me thine!
Thou, gentle Jesus, holy and mild!

63 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

E. H. Sears. R. S. Willis.

1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,

From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gra-cious King!"

The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

64 The Air is Filled With the Echoes.

MARGARET BRADFORD MORTON.

1. The air is filled with the echoes, Glad voices are singing a - gain,

"Glo - ry to God in the High - est! Peace and good will to men!"

O lis - ten, dear child- ren, lis- ten, The bells and the great chimes say,

The sweet-est song that ev-er was sung, "Je- sus was born to - day."

2 The world was dark and lonely,
Till the sound of his voice was heard;
And the hearts of the sad and lowly
Leaped at his lightest word;
And over the fields in their beauty
The lilies and birds of the air,
The tender love of the Father
He showed us everywhere.

3 An angel may praise him in heaven,
A child may sing upon earth,
With a joy that shall ring thro' all ages,
The story of Christ and his birth.
O listen, dear children, listen!
The bells and the great chimes say
The sweetest song that ever was sung
"Jesus was born to-day!"

65 Noël, Noël, the Christ is Born.

S. S. HARRY ROWE SHELLEY.

With spirit.

1. Chime the bells for the Christ is born; Shout the glad tidings, 'tis Christmas morn;
2. Send the news o' er the broad, round earth, Let nations hear of the ho - ly birth;

Tell it abroad o' er all the earth, Till the air rings with holy mirth, No-
With shout of praise and jubilant song, Let the words ring both loud and strong, No-

ël, No-ël, the Christ is born; Chime the bells from night till morn;
ël, No-ël, the Christ is born; Chime the bells from night till morn;

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Noël, Noël, Christ is Born.—Concluded.

poco rit.

Bring the hol- ly and twine the bay, To crown the in - fant King to- day.
Bring the hol- ly and twine the bay, To crown the in - fant King to- day.

poco rit.

66 Christmas.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT R. N. MATTHEWS.

1. There came a lit - tle child to earth, Long a - go,
2. Out in the night so calm and still, Their song was heard;
3. Far a - way in a good - ly land, Fair and bright;
4. In white more pure than the spot - less snow; And their tongues unite,

And the an - gels of God proclaimed his birth, High and low.
For they knew that the child on Bethlehem's hill, Was Christ the Lord.
Chil - dren with crowns of glo - ry stand Robed in white,
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago, On Christ- mas night.

Carol, Children, Carol.

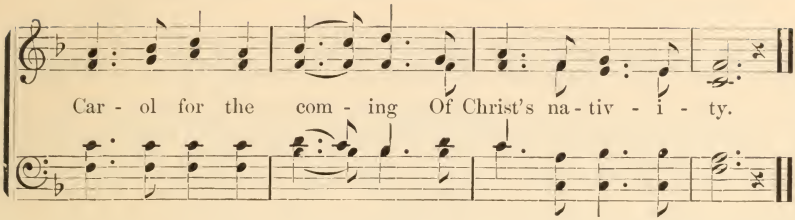
Car - ol, children, car - ol, Car - ol joy - ful - ly, Car - ol for the

com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty; And pray a gladsome Christmas

To all good Christian men, Then car - ol, children, car - ol, Till Christmas

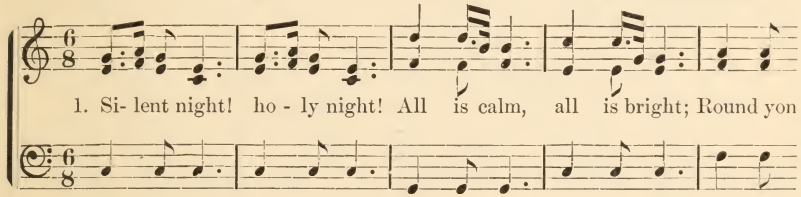
comes a - gain, O car - ol, children, car - ol, Car - ol joy - ful - ly,

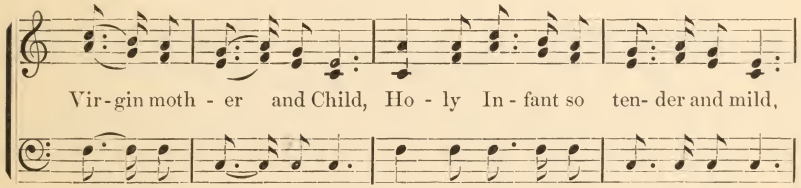
Carol, Children, Carol.—Concluded.

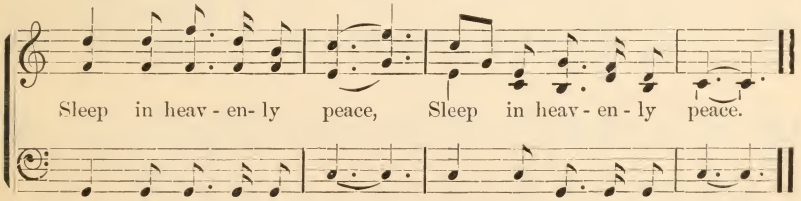


68 Holy Night.

MICHAEL HAYDN.





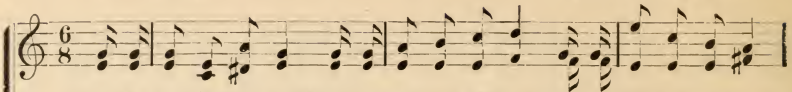


2 Silent night! holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia!
Christ, the Saviour is born!
Christ, the Saviour is born!

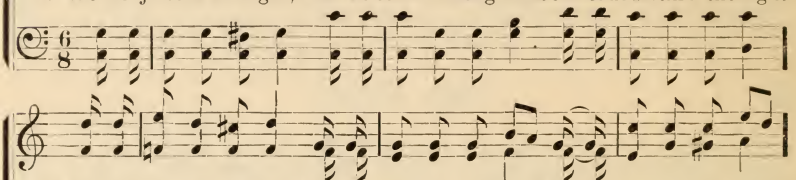
3 Silent night! holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light,
Radiant beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!

69 There's a Song in the Air.

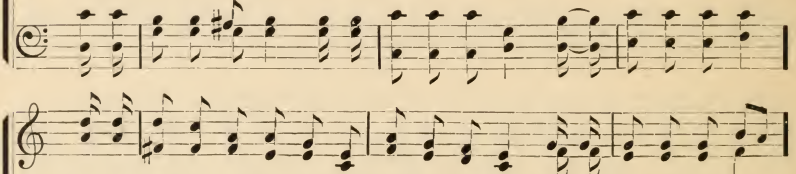
Dr. J. G. Holland. Mardina-Emmelar.



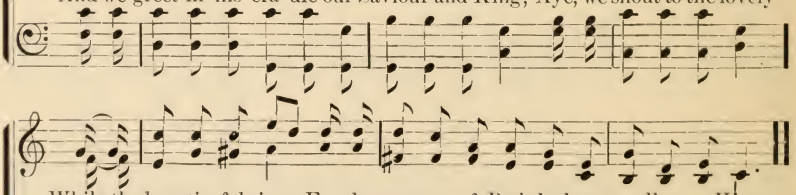
1. There's a song in the air; There's a star in the sky; There's a mother's deep pray'r,
2. There's a tu-mult of joy O'er the wonderful birth, For the Virgin's sweet boy,
3. In the light of that star Lie the a- ges impearled, And that song from a- far
4. We re- joice in the light, And we echo the song That comes down thro' the night



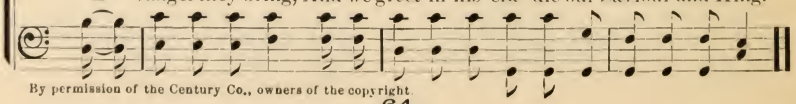
And a ba- by's low cry; And the star rains its fire, While the beautiful sing,
Is the Lord of the earth; And the star rains its fire, While the beautiful sing,
Has swept over the world; Ev'ry heart is aflame, While the beautiful sing,
From the heavenly throng; Aye, we shout to the lovely E - vangel they bring,



For the manger of Beth-le-hem cradles a King; And the star rains its fire,
For the manger of Beth-le-hem cradles a King; And the star rains its fire,
In the homes of the nations, that Je-sus is King; Ev'ry heart is a- flame,
And we greet in his cra-dle our Saviour and King; Aye, we shout to the lovely



While the beauti - ful sing, For the manger of Beth-le-hem cradles a King.
While the beauti - ful sing, For the manger of Beth-le-hem cradles a King.
While the beauti - ful sing, In the homes of the nations that Je-sus is King.
E - vangel they bring, And we greet in his cra- dle our Saviour and King.



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A Christmas Carol.

C. A. D.

CARO. A. DUGAN.

Allegretto. *mf*

1. All the bells of Christmas Thrill the frost- y air, Ringing out glad

CHORUS.

ti - dings, Bringing vis-ions rare. Ring - ing, swing - ing,

poco rit.

All the bells of Christmas; Swinging, sing - ing, Christ the Lord is born!

f

2 Lo! the wond'ring shepherds
In the early dawn
Hear the angels singing—
"Joy, the Christ is born!"

3 See! a lowly stable
Shelters Mary mild,
At her feet the wise men
Kneel before the Child.

4 Hail! the wondrous birthday
Bells of Christmas, ring!
While our hearts responsive,
With the angels sing.

5 "Glory in the highest!"
It is Christmas morn!
Shout the gladsome tidings,
Christ the Lord is born!

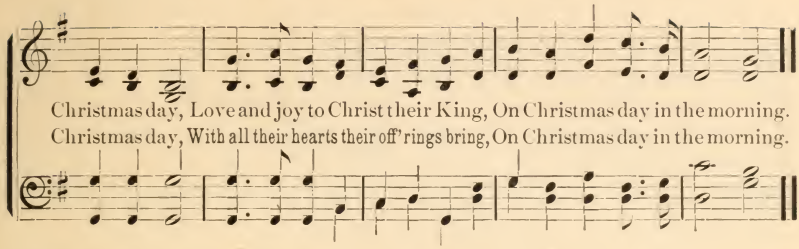
71 The Blessed Day.

MARY MAPES DODGE. D. BATCHELLOR.

1. What shall little children bring on Christmas day, on Christmas day? What shall little children bring on Christmas day in the morning? This shall little children bring on Christmas day, on Christmas day, Love and joy to Christ their King, On Christmas day in the morning; This shall lit- tle children bring On Christmas day, on

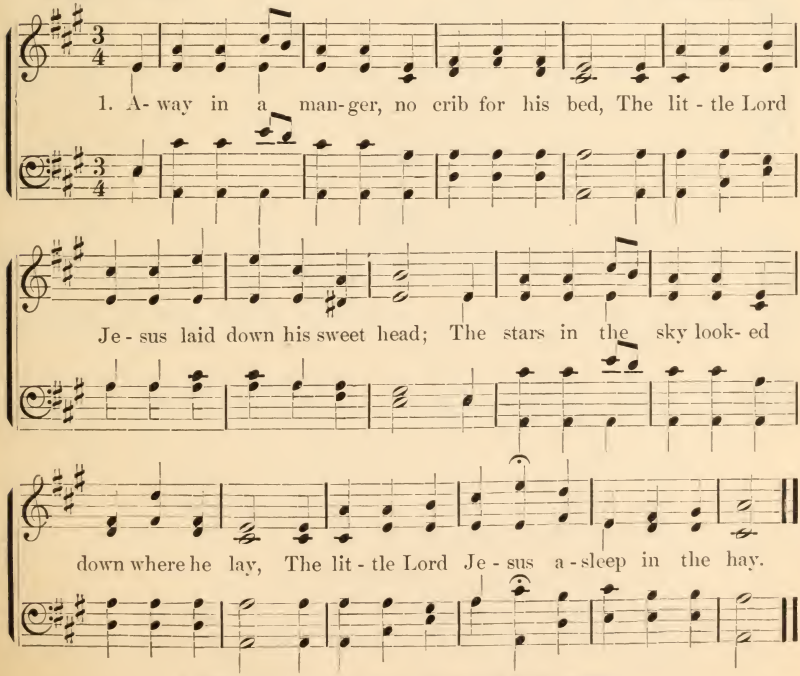
2. What shall little children sing on Christmas day, on Christmas day? What shall little children sing on Christmas day in the morning? The grand old carols shall they sing on Christmas day, on Christmas day, With all their hearts their off'rings bring On Christmas day in the morning; The grand old carols shall they sing On Christmas day, on

The Blessed Day.—Concluded.



72 The Christmas Manger Hymn.

MARTIN LUTHER. J. E. SPILMAN.



2 The cattle are lowing, the poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my crib, watching my lullaby.

73 Christmas Song.

REINECKE.

1. Ye shep - herds, a - rise, and shout to the skies! The an - gels are wing - ing their way here and sing - ing; Sal - va - tion is near, the Sav - iour is here.

2 Come singing gay psalms, come singing gay psalms,
And come to the manger, to welcome the Stranger,
Who, born in a stall, is Lord over all.

3 As soon as this word the shepherds had heard
They sought the Appointed, the Lord, the Anointed,
And found in a stall, the Saviour of all.

4 They knew him the mild, the heavenly Child,
And fell down before him, all meek to adore him
And praised him in psalms, and praised him in psalms.

The First Christmas.

EMILIE POULSSON. MARGARET BRADFORD MORTON.

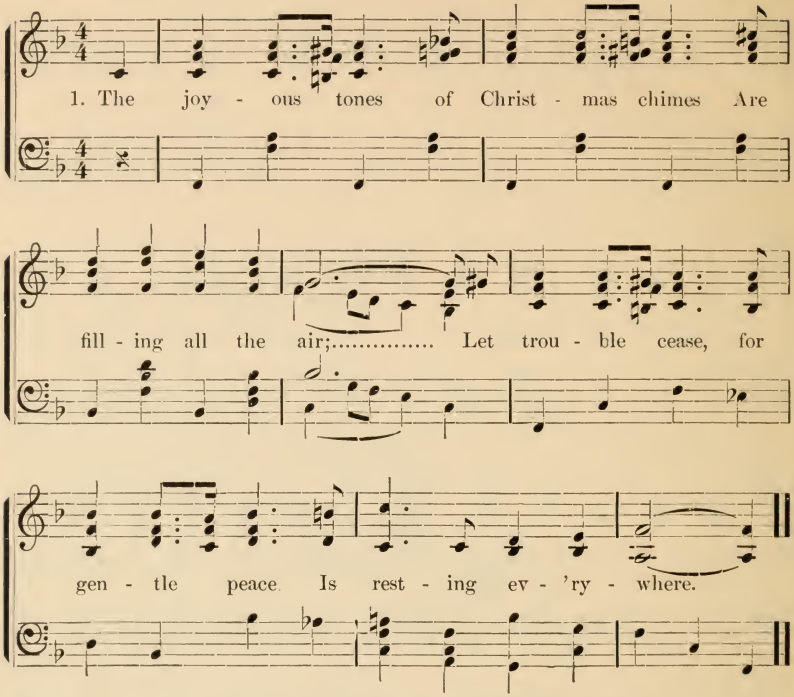
1. Once a lit - tle ba - by lay Crad - led on the fra - grant hay, Long a - go on Christ - mas; Stran - ger bed a babe ne'er found Won-d'ring cat - tle stood a - round Long a - go on Christ - mas, Long a - go on Christ - mas.

2 By the shining vision taught
Shepherds for the Christ-Child sought,
Long ago on Christmas;
Guided in a star-lit way,
Wise men came their gifts to pay,
Long ago on Christmas,
Long ago on Christmas.

3 And to-day the whole glad earth,
Praises God for that Child's birth,
Long ago on Christmas;
For the Light, the Truth, the Way,
Came to bless the earth that day,
Long ago on Christmas,
Long ago on Christmas.

75 Christmas Carol.

RUTH OGDEN. K. D. W.



2 "Good-will to all!" the lovely strain
Is ringing far and wide;
And all who will may feel the thrill
Of happy Christmas-tide.

3 Let loving words and loving deeds
Be ours this Christmas time;
On this bright day we children may
Ring out a Christmas chime!

4 A Christmas chime, a Christmas chime,
Ring out a Christmas chime,
On this bright day we children may
Ring out a Christmas chime!

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When Christ was Born.

J. W. Tufts.

1. When Christ was born for you and me, In Beth - le-hem that fair cit - y,

An-gels sang there with mirth and glee, Angels sang there with mirth and glee,

Chorus.

In the high - est glo - ry, In the high-est glo - ry,
"*In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a,*

rit.

In the high - est glo - ry, Peace on earth good will to men.
In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a."

2 The herdsman saw these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said God's Son is born to-night,
Who said God's Son is born to-night.

3 The King is come to save mankind,
As in the Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song we have in mind,
Therefore this song we have in mind.

Note.—In Chorus, either Latin or English words may be used.

77 The Sweetest Name.

Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Bethune. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en,

The name be- fore his wondrous birth To Christ, the Sav-iour, giv - en.

D.S.—For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet, as Je - sus.

Fine.

Refrain.

We love to sing a- round our King, And hail him bless- ed Je - sus:

D.S.

2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they seal'd him:
The name that still by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

78 Jesus Christ Our Saviour.

WILLIAM WHITING. E. H. J.

1. Je - sus Christ, our Sav - iour, Once for us a child,

In thy whole be - hav - ior, Meek, o - be - dient, mild,

In thy foot - steps tread - ing, We thy lambs will be,

Foe nor dan - ger dread - ing While we fol - low thee.

2 For all thou bestowest,
All thou dost withhold,
Whatsoe'er thou knowest
Best for us, thy fold;
For all gifts and graces
While we live below,
Till, in heavenly places,
We thy face shall know.

3 Let thine angels guide us;
Let thine arms enfold;
In thy bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
To thyself us gather,
'Mid the ransomed host,
Praising thee, the Father,
And the Holy Ghost.

Jesus Christ Our Saviour.

WILLIAM WHITING. (Second Tune.) D. BATCHELLOR.

1. Je - sus Christ, our Sav - iour, Once for us a child,

In thy whole be - hav - ior, Meek, o - be - dient, mild,

In thy foot-steps tread - ing, We thy lambs will be,

(*Optional.*)

Foe nor dan - ger dreading, While we fol - low thee. A - men.

2 For all thou bestowest,
All thou dost withhold,
Whatsoe'er thou knowest
Best for us, thy fold;
For all gifts and graces
While we live below,
Till, in heavenly places,
We thy face shall know.

3 Let thine angels guide us;
Let thine arms enfold;
In thy bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
To thyself us gather,
'Mid the ransomed host,
Praising thee, the Father,
And the Holy Ghost.

79 Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. Thou didst leave thy throne and thy king - ly crown, When thou cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - lehem's home there was found no room For thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.
2. Heaven's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro - claim - ing thy roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly birth didst thou come to earth, And in great - est hu - mil - i - ty.
3. Fox - es found their rest, and the birds had their nest In the shade of the for - est tree; But thy couch was the sod, O thou Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee.
4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should set thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing and scorn, and with crown of thorn, Did they bear thee to Cal - va - ry.

REFRAIN.

O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for thee.

80 I Think, when I Read that Sweet Story.

JEMIMA LUKE.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How he called lit- tle chil- dren like lambs to his fold. I should like to have been with him then.
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown around me, That I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
3. Yet still to his foot- stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in his love; And if I thus ear - nest- ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.

80 I Think, when I Read that Sweet Story.

(Second Tune.)

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was

I Think, when I Read.—Concluded.

here among men, How he called little children like lambs to his fold, I should

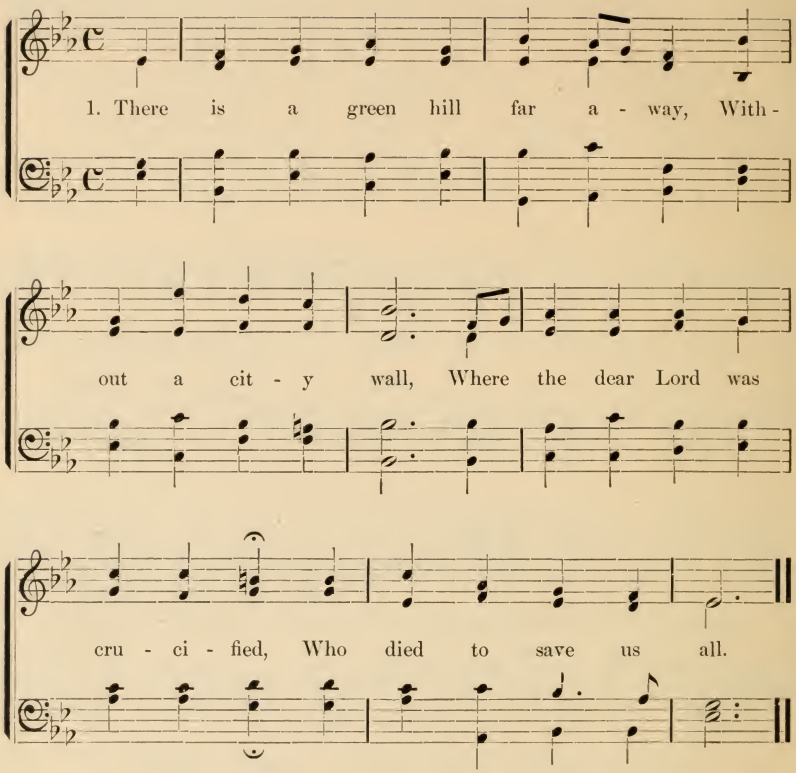
like to have been with him then. I wish that his hands had been

placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have

seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to me."

81 There Is a Green Hill.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. W. HORSLEY.



2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved!
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

81 There Is a Green Hill.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. (Second Tune.) R. S. WILLIS.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we can - not tell What pains he had to bear,

But we be- lieve it was for us He hung and suf- fered there.

Easter Carol.

MARY A. LATHBURY. MRS. MARY C. SEWARD.

1. Lift up, O lit - tle chil - dren, Your voic - es clear and sweet,
2. Lift up, O ten - der lil - ies, Your whiteness to the sun;
3. Ring, all ye bells of East - er, Your chimes of joy a - gain,

And sing the bless - ed sto - ry Of Christ, the Lord of glo - ry,
The earth is not our pris - on, Since Christ him- self hath ris - en,
Ring out the night of sad - ness, Ring in the morn of glad - ness,

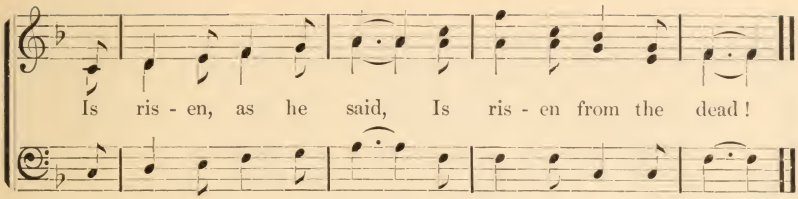
And wor - ship at his feet, And wor - ship at his feet.
The life of ev - 'ry one, The life of ev - 'ry one.
For death no more shall reign, For death no more shall reign.

CHORUS.

O sing the bless - ed sto - ry, The Lord of life and glo - ry,

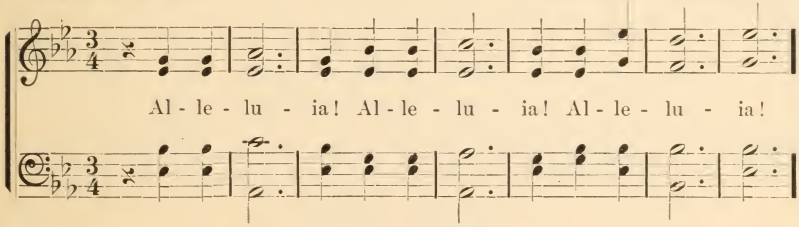
By permission.

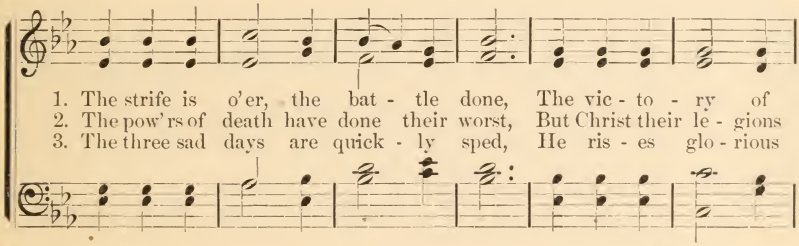
Easter Carol.—Concluded.

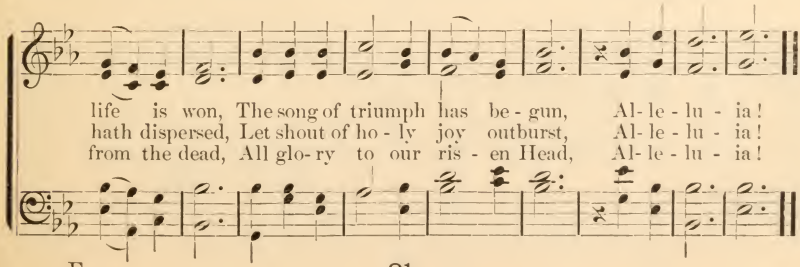


83 Palestrina.

Latin, tr. F. Port. Arr. from "Palestrina."







Easter Hymn.

LUCY LARCOM. D. BATCHELLOR.

1. Breaks the joy - ful East- er dawn, Clear -er yet and strong - er;
2. Roused from long and lone- ly hours, Un - der snow-drift chil - ly,

Win - ter from the world has gone, Death shall be no long - er.
In his hands he bring the flowers, Brings the rose and li - ly;

Far a - way good an - gels drive Night and sin and sad - ness,
Ev - ery lit - tle bur - ied bud In - to life he rais - es

Earth a- wakes in smiles a - live With her dear Lord's glad - ness.
Ev - ery wild flower of the wood, Sings the dear Lord's prais - es.

Easter Hymn. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Break the joy - ful East - er dawn Clear - er yet and strong - er

Win - ter from the world has gone Death shall be no long - er.

3 Open happy flowers of Spring,
For the sun is risen,
Through the sky sweet voices ring
Calling you from prison.

Little children dear, look up,
Toward his brightness pressing,
Lift up every heart a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing.

85

Easter Hymn.

M. R. Adapted by M. R.

1. Our Lord is ris- en from the grave, And death no more hath sway,
2. The earth a-wakes from win - ter sleep, And flowers in bright ar - ray,

He lives al - might-y now to save, This glo - rious Eas - ter day.
Lift up their heads with us to keep This glo - rious Eas - ter day.

At Easter Time.

LAURA E. RICHARDS. REINECKE.

Andantino.

1. The lit - tle flow'rs came through the ground, At happy East- er time,
2. The pure white lil - y raised its cup, At hap - py East- er time,
3. 'Twas long and long and long a - go, That hap - py East- er time,

They raised their heads and look'd a-round At hap - py East- er time;
The cro - cus to the sky look'd up, At hap - py East- er time;
But still the pure white lil - ies blow, At hap - py East- er time;

poco ritard.

And ev - 'ry pret - ty bud did say, "Good people bless this ho - ly day.
"We'll hear the song of Heav'n," they say, "Its glo- ry shines on us to - day,
And still each lit - tle flow'r doth say, "Good children, bless this ho - ly day,

poco ritard.

At Easter Time.—Concluded.

a tempo. *ritard.*

For Christ is ris'n, the an-gels say, At hap-py East-er time.
Oh, may it shine on us al-way, At ho-ly East-er time."
For Christ is ris'n, the an-gels say, At bless-ed East-er time."

a tempo. *ritard.*

87 God Made the Sun.

BUCKWORTH. LOWELL MASON.

1. God made the sun, that world of light; The moon to cheer the earth by night;
2. He made the earth on which we tread; And round its shores the o-cean spread;
3. He made the birds that sing so sweet The lit-tle lambs that frisk and bleat;
4. It is by his kind grace and care We see, and feel, and speak and hear

The clouds that float in air so high, And all the stars that gild the sky.
He made the seasons of the year, And all the numerous fruits they bear.
The playful fish-es in the stream And beasts of ev-'ry size and name.
Our hands, our head, our heart, he gave, And all we are, and all we have.

88 Canst Thou Count the Stars?

Words and music from the German.

1. Canst thou count the stars, that night-ly Glisten in the az- ure sky?

Canst thou count the clouds, that light-ly Ev- 'ry day go float- ing by?

God, the Lord, the number knoweth Of the won- ders that he showeth,

Of the won- ders that he show- eth In their countless mul- ti- tudes.

2 Canst thou count the insects playing
In the sunshine's golden light?
Canst thou count the fishes straying
In the sparkling waters bright?
God, the Lord, a name hath given
To all creatures under heaven,
To all creatures under heaven,
When he called them into light.

3 Canst thou count how many children
Go to little beds at night,
Sleeping there so warm and cozy
Till they wake at morning's light?
God, the Lord, each name can tell,
Knows them all and loves them well,
Knows them all and loves them well,
God, the Lord, each name can tell.

89 The Chorus of Praise.

R. W. Raymond. Arr. by J. C. Lowry.

1. Oh, what can you tell, little pebble, little pebble, Oh, what can you tell, little

Ref.—It is the love of God in heav'n, The God who made both

D. C. Refrain.

pebble by the sea? The se- cret of your si- lent life, Now whisper it to me.

you and me, And ev-'ry day I think his praise In silence by the sea.

2 Oh, what can you tell, little flower, little flower,
Oh, what can you tell, little flower on the lea?
The secret of your sweet perfume,
Now whisper it to me.

Ref.—It is the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me;
And every day I breathe his praise
In fragrance on the lea.

3 Oh, what can you tell, little bird, little bird,
Oh, what can you tell, little bird upon the tree?
The secret of your joyous song,
Now whisper it to me.

Ref.—It is the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me;
And every day I sing his praise
Upon the summer tree.

4 Oh, what can you tell, little child, little child,
Oh, what can you tell, little child upon my knee?
The secret of your happy smile,
Now whisper it to me.

Ref.—It is the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me;
And every day I seek his face,
Upon my bended knee.

Full Chorus.

Thus to the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me;
The praise of all things here is given,
And evermore shall be.

Used by per. of R. W. Raymond.

90 Little Modest Violet Blue.

FANNY CROSBY. From "New Shining Star."

1. Lit - tle mod- est vio - let blue, Span-gled o'er with morn-ing dew,
Laugh-ing in the spor- tive air, God has made thy leaves so fair;
Lit - tle lambs, that skip and play In the mead- ow fresh and gay,
God pro- tects you by his care, He has made your fleece so fair.

2 Little star with golden eye,
God has placed thee in the sky;
Little bird with glassy wing,
God has taught thee how to sing;
Little clouds, that lightly rest
On the bosom of the west,
Floating in the summer air,
God has made your form so fair.

3 Little merry, laughing child,
Ever playful, ever wild,
Full of gladness, full of love,
God has made thee, God above;
He thy little spirit keeps,
For he never, never sleeps;
When thy little life is past
He will take thee home at last.

91 In the Pleasant Sunny Meadows.

Adapted. D. Batchellor.

1. In the pleasant sun- ny meadows, Where the but- ter - cups are seen,

And the dais- ies lit - tle shadows, Lie a - long the lev - el green,

2 Flocks of quiet sheep are feeding,
Little lambs are playing near,
And the watchful shepherd leading,
Keeps them safe from harm and fear.

3 Like the lambs, we little children
Have a Shepherd, kind and good,
It is God who watches o'er us,
Gives us life and daily food.

In the Pleasant Sunny Meadows.

Adapted. (Second Tune.) German air.

1. In the pleas-ant sun- ny mead-ows, Where the but- ter - cups are seen,

And the dais- ies' lit - tle shad-ows, Lie a - long the lev - el green,

2 Flocks of quiet sheep are feeding,
Little lambs are playing near,
And the watchful shepherd leading,
Keeps them safe from harm and fear.

3 Like the lambs, we little children
Have a Shepherd, kind and good,
It is God who watches o'er us,
Gives us life and daily food.

92 Hymn of Nature.

JANE E. LEESON.

Andantino.

1. A lit - tle child may know Our Fa - ther's name of love: 'Tis writ - ten in the earth be - low, And in the sky a - bove.

2 Around me when I look,
His handiwork I see;
This world is like a picture-book,
To teach his name to me.

3 The thousand little flowers
Within our garden bound;
The rainbow and the soft spring showers
And ev'ry pleasant sound.

4 The summer breezes blow,
The woods and groves among;
The streamlets through the valley flow,
In melody along.

5 And every living thing,
Rejoicing in the light,
The little birds that sweetly sing,
The moon that shines by night;

6 And every star above,
Set in the deep blue sky,
All tell me that our God is love,
All tell me he is nigh.

Spring.

M. R. Adapted from the Swedish.

1. There's a bird that is fly - ing far o - ver my head,

O lis - ten and hear his sweet mes - sage of love,

The Spring is re - turn - ing and Win - ter has fled,

Give thanks to the Fa - ther, our Fa - ther a - bove.

2 There's a flower that is blooming way down on the ground,
More frail and more tiny you scarcely would find,
It says as it sends its brave glances around
Give thanks to the Father, our Father so kind.

3 O children who listen, O children who hear,
Like birds and like flowers give thanks for the Spring,
'Tis God who directs ev'ry change in the year,
Give thanks to the Father, to him we will sing.

A Flower Song for Children.

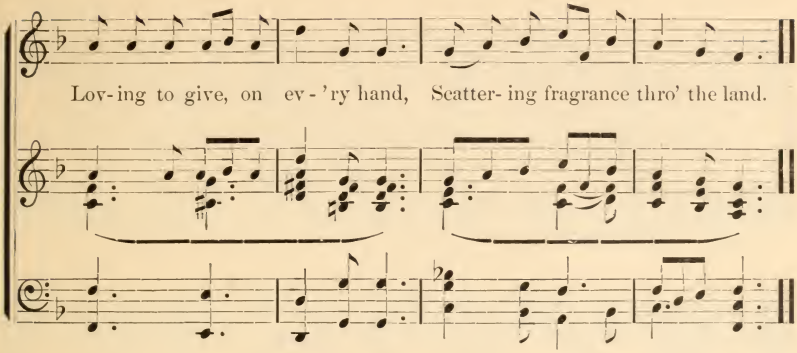
CARO. A. DUGAN — E. L.

1. All the wide mead - ows are sweet with clo - ver,

Ro - sy clo - ver blooms fair to see; Com - mon as sunshine, but

some - how dear - er Than oth - er state - lier flowers can be;

A Flower Song for Children.—Concluded.



2 Golden buttercups catching the sunlight,
  While the heavens are blue and fair,
Then when days are dark and misty,
  Making sunshine everywhere,
Happy the season that may hold
Goodly store of your fairy gold.

3 Hidden away under meadow grasses,
  Like a hint of the far, blue sky,
If we look close we shall find a blossom
  Right at our feet, so quiet and shy;
Quiet and shy, yet what were spring,
Wanting the violet's offering?

4 Day by day the happy wild flowers
  Lift their heads to the sun's warm glow,
Gratefully drink the cooling showers,
  Rocked by the winds, sway to and fro,—
Then as the night brings shadows deep,
Drooping their little heads they sleep.

5 Children dear, if our lives are loving,
  Sweet to all, like the clover here,
Having the modest grace of violets,
  Full of the buttercup's sunny cheer,
We will be God's little human flowers,
Helping to brighten this world of ours.

95

The Spring is Come.

GLÜCK.

1. The spring is come! the spring is come! A - gain all things re - joice;

All streams and rills, and green-clad hills Lift up their cheer-ful voice,

All streams and rills, and green-clad hills Lift up their cheer- ful voice.

2 The spring is come! the spring is come!
The merry robins sing;
And in the grass, where'er we pass,
The sweet, white daisies spring,
And in the grass, where'er we pass,
The sweet, white daisies spring.

3 The spring is come! the spring is come!
We feel the south wind blow;
And in the dell, where violets dwell,
We hear the brooklet flow,
And in the dell, where violets dwell,
We hear the brooklet flow.

Weather Song.

M. R. REINECKE, arr. by M. R.

1. The cloud comes down darkly, down darkly, It spreads the whole earth over,
2. The rain comes down quickly, down quickly, It falls on trees and flowers,
3. The snow comes down softly, down soft - ly, It falls where flow' rs are sleeping,

A gray and qui- et cov- er, The cloud comes down darkly, down darkly.
In cool, refreshing showers, The rain comes down quickly, down quickly.
Its warm, white cover heaping, The snow comes down softly, down soft - ly.

4 The hail comes down loudly, down loudly,
In jolly dance and patter,
In gay and merry clatter,
The hail comes down loudly, down loudly.

5 The wind bloweth gently and swiftly,
In softest zephyrs sighing,
On raging storm wings flying.
The wind bloweth gently and swiftly.

6 The sunshine comes sweetly, comes sweetly,
All bright with joy and blessing,
Our dear old earth caressing,
The sunshine comes sweetly, comes sweetly.

7 Hurrah then for storm and for sunshine,
All blessed gifts from heaven,
To earth's dear children given,
Hurrah then for storm and for sunshine.

CLOUD.—Wave raised hands over head slowly.
RAIN.—Let raised hands fall quickly and silently.
SNOW.—Let raised hands fall gently.
HAIL.—Let raised hands fall quickly and clapping.
WIND.—Let raised hands wave from right to left.
SUNSHINE.—Let raised hands wave with quick motion from right to left.
HURRAH.—Let raised right hand wave over head.

97 Little Birds Sleep Sweetly.

From "Hymns for Little Children." JOHN HULLAH.

Andantino.

1. Lit - tle birds sleep sweetly In their soft round nests, Crouching in the
2. But more sweet and qui - et Lie our lit - tle heads, With our own dear
3. And we play at ev'n-ing Round our fa-ther's knees, Birds are not so

p

cov - er Of their moth- ers' breasts; Lit - tle lambs lie qui - et
moth- ers Sit - ting by our beds; And their soft sweet voic- es
mer - ry Sing - ing on the trees; Lambs are not so hap- py,

rall. *a tempo.* *rall.*

All the sum-mer night, With their loving mothers, Warm, and soft, and white.
Sing our hush- a - bies, While the room grows darker As we shut our eyes.
'Mid the mead-ow flow'rs; They have play and pleasure, But not love like ours.

rall. *a tempo.* *rall.*

Little Birds Sleep Sweetly.—Concluded.

4 But the heart that's loving,
Works of love will do;
Those who dearly cherish,
We must honor too;
To our father's teaching
Listen day by day,
And our mother's bidding
Cheerfully obey.

5 For when in his childhood
Our dear Lord was here,
He too was obedient
To his mother dear;
And his little children
Must be good as he,
Gentle and submissive
As he used to be.

98 O Send Forth the Bible.

MOZART.

1. O send forth the Bi - ble more precious than gold; Let no one pre-

sume the blest gift to with - hold; It speaks to all na - tions, in

language so plain, That he who will read it, true wis-dom may gain.

2 It tells us of One who is mighty to save,
Who died on the cross, and arose from the grave;
Who dwelleth on high in that holy abode,
Now pleading for man with a sin pardoning God.

3 Oh! who would neglect such a volume as this,
That warns us of danger, invites us to bliss?
Send forth the blest Bible, earth's regions around
Wherever the footsteps of man way be found.

99

God is Ever Good.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

1. See the shin- ing dew - drops, On the flow- ers strewed,—
2. Hear the mountain stream - let, In the sol - i - tude,

Prov - ing as they spar - kle, God is ev - er good.
With its rip - ple say - ing, God is ev - er good.

See the morn- ing sun - beams, Light-ing up the wood,
In the leaf - y tree - tops, Where no fears in - trude,

Si - lent - ly pro - claim - ing, God is ev - er good!
Mer - ry birds are sing - ing, God is ev - er good!

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100 All Things Bright and Beautiful.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. From "El. Heerwart's Coll."

1. All things bright and beau- ti - ful, All creatures great and small,

All things bright and won- der- ful, The Fa- ther made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The tall trees in the green wood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.

4 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
The goodness of the Father,
Who hath done all things well.

101 Motion Exercise.

1 We'll all rise up together,
We'll all sit down together,
We'll mind the rule of the Sunday School,
And all rise up together.

2 We'll raise our hands together,
We'll fold our arms together,
We'll mind the rule of the Sunday School,
And raise our hands together.

3 We'll bow our heads together,
We'll close our eyes together,
We'll mind the rule of the Sunday School,
And bow our heads together.

4 We'll clasp our hands together,
We'll place our heels together,
We'll mind the rule of the Sunday School,
And sit up straight together.

102 Missionary Chant.

M. R. H. C. Zeuner.

1. Ye Christian children rise and sing, A chant of praise to Christ your King,

Till distant lands shall join the song, And all the world be freed from wrong.

2 The sins of all he gladly bare,
The children have his tend'rest care,
And those who never heard his name
He loves for evermore the same.

3 May we our off'rings gladly bring
To spread the news of Christ our King,
Till every child shall hear the call
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

103 Little Things.

Rev. Eben C. Brewer. English.

1. Lit - tle drops of wat - er, Lit - tle grains of sand,

Make the might - y o - cean, And the beauteous land.

Little Things.—Concluded.

2 And the little moments
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages—
Of eternity.

3 Little seeds of mercy
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

104 The Daisy.

T. F. Seward. D. Batchellor.

1. In the ear - ly Spring-time, when the vio- lets grow, When the birds sing sweet-ly and the soft winds blow, Comes the lit - tle dai - sy, blooming fresh and fair, Springing bright and joyous in the morn-ing air.

2 Sunny little blossoms, on your slender stalk,
How much you would teach us if you could but talk
Ever looking upward, all the live-long day,
Bright your faces turn to catch each sunbeam's ray.

105 Little Travellers Zionward.

G. B. Gilbert, Mus. D.

1. Lit - tle trav'l-lers Zi - on- ward, Each one ent'ring in - to rest,

In the kingdom of your Lord, In the mansions of the blest,

There to wel-come Je - sus waits, Gives the crowns his followers win:

Lift your heads, ye gold - en gates, Let the lit - tle trav'l- lers in!

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached the heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."

3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
We're together met at last
At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome, Come, awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

106 Work, For the Night.

SIDNEY DYER. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring- ing flowers;

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow- ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

107 Missionary Processional.

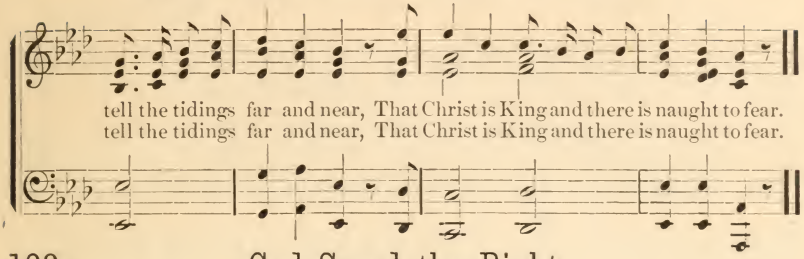
M. R. Adapted by M. R.

1. The Lord is our King, he is reign - ing above, His ban - ner floats
2. A- rouse Chris-tian chil-dren and send the word, To na - tions who

o'er us, his ban - ner of love, The vict-'ry we'll gain over evil and wrong, Our
know not of our dear Lord, In darkness and sorrow they wait to know, Of

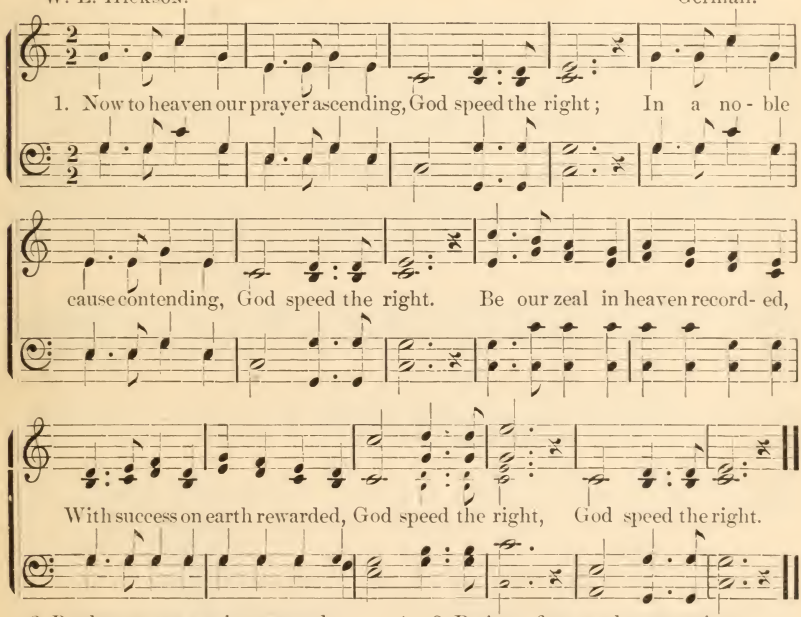
lead- er will conquer, in him we are strong: March on and tell the ti- dings
him who has suf- fer-ed for all below: March on and tell the ti- dings

far and near, That Christ is King and there is naught to fear, March on and
far and near, That Christ is King and there is naught to fear, March on and



108 God Speed the Right.

W. E. Hickson. German.



2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory,
God speed the right,
God speed the right.

3 Patient, firm, and persevering;
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
In the strength of heaven succeeding—
God speed the right,
God speed the right.

109 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring-Gould. Arthur Sullivan.

1. On - ward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar- my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Jesus
4. On - ward, then, ye peo- ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,—
Con - stant will re- main. Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or Unto Christ the King,—

Chorus.

For - ward in- to bat - tle, See his banners go.
One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
This, thro' countless ages, Men and angels sing.
} Onward, Christian sol- diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be- fore.

Lux Eoi.

MARY MANNING. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. There's a fold both safe and hap - py, Where the lit - tle ones may dwell;

And se - cure the Shepherd guards it, For the lambs he loves so well;

Thro' the pleas-ant fields he leads them, By the streamlets fresh and clear;

Rest and gladness gives he to them, And his bless- ed voice they hear.

2 Many of his lambs are resting,
In a yet more peaceful fold,
Sheltered from the heat of summer,
Sheltered from the winter's cold;
In a bright and happy country,
Where 'tis always fresh and fair;
And the presence of the Shepherd
Bideth ever with them there.

3 Of that fold the doors stand open,
And its rest each one may win;
For the welcome of the Master
Greeteth all who enter in;
Then will be the happy meetings
With the lambs that went before,—
One blest fold and one dear Shepherd,
Safe at home forevermore

111 Jesus, King of Glory.

E. Harland. A. Lowe.

1. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Thron'd above the sky, Je- sus, ten- der
2. On this day of glad - ness, Bending low the knee, In thine earthly
3. For the lit- tle chil - dren, Who have come to thee; For the glad, bright

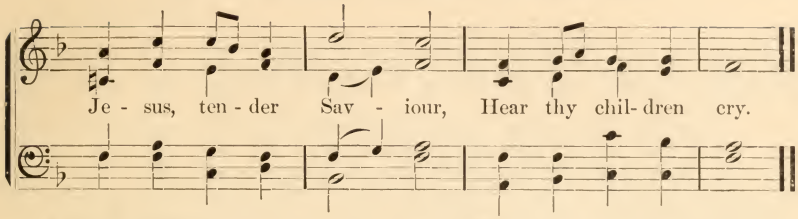
Sav - iour, Hear thy children cry; Par- don our trans- gressions, Cleanse us
tem - ple, Lord, we worship thee; Cel - e- brate thy good- ness, Mer- cy,
spir - its Who thy glo- ry see; For the loved ones rest - ing In thy

from our sin; By thy Spir - it help us Heav'nly life to win.
grace, and truth, All thy lov - ing guid - ance Of our heedless youth.
dear em-brace; For the pure and ho - ly Who be- hold thy face.

Refrain.

Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Thron'd a - bove the sky,

Jesus, King of Glory.—Concluded.

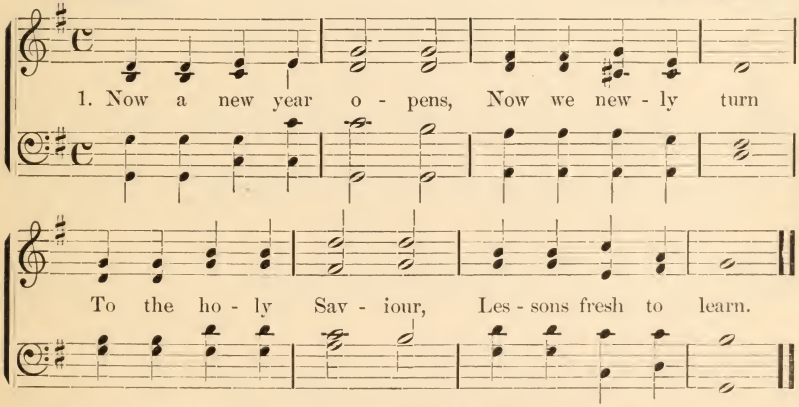


4 For thy faithful servants,
Who have entered in;
For thy fearless soldiers,
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions,
Who have followed thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory.

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day:
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful,
Palms and crowns of life.

112 New Year Hymn.

S. C. Clarke. T. R. Matthews.



2 This the holy lesson
On the year's first day;
Jesus by obedience
Teaches to obey.

3 Of thy cross, thus early,
Tokens thou dost give,
By thy wounds thou healest,
By thy death we live.

4 Not to suffer only,
Jesus, didst thou come,
But to leave us way-marks
Pointing to our home.

5 In thy blessed footsteps
Ever may we tread;
Safe when keeping near thee,
By thy Spirit led.

113 To and Fro, To and Fro.

HENRY TUCKER.

1. To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle chil-dren, As they
2. To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle chil-dren, As they
3. To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle chil-dren, As they

go, as they go, bus - y march of bus - y feet! Here and there, ev-ery-
go, as they go, bus - y march of bus - y feet! We will tell, we will
go, as they go, bus - y march of bus - y feet! Thro' the world, thro' the

where, joy-ous songs we' re sing- ing; Loud and clear, full of cheer, hap- py
tell of the won-drous sto - ry, While we raise songs of praise to our
world, do- ing an - gel's du - ty, Bright and fair, bright and fair, clothed in

REFRAIN.

tones are ring - ing.
Lord in glo - ry.
an - gel beau - ty.
} To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle

Anniversary Song.

A. J. R. GOUNOD.

1 Wel-come hour of glad-ness, Hap-py time of light and joy,

Ban-ished be all sad-ness, Sing a-loud ev-'ry girl and boy.

CHORUS.

On-ward let our voic-es ring, Loud hos-an-nas we will glad-ly sing,

Hearts and voices giv-ing praises to our King On this our fes-tal day.

2 Farewell year of blessing,
Which has now in mercy ended,
Hear Lord our confessing,
Grant forgiveness divine to send.

3 All hail year before us,
May its hours to God be given,
Then grateful the chorus
Shall arise from the earth to heaven.

117 Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

T. J. Porter. Arthur Sullivan.

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers
2. Jesus, Lord and Mas- ter, At thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing
3. All our days di- rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic - torious
4. Then with saints and angels May we join a- bove, Off' ring pray' rs and praises

To their home on high; Marching thro' the desert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
See thy children meet; Oft - en have we left thee, Oft- en gone a- stray;
O- ver ev- 'ry foe: Bid thine angels shield us When the storm-clouds lower,
At thy throne of love; When the toil is o- ver, Then come rest and peace,

Chorus.

Still with hearts unit- ed, Singing on our way.
Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the narrow way.
Pardon, Lord, and save us In the last, dread hour.
Je - sus in his beau ty, Songs that never cease.
} Brightly gleams our banner,

Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high.

118 I'm a Little Pilgrim.

JOHN CURWEN. BERTHOLD TOURS.

1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, And a stran - ger here;

Tho' this world is pleas - ant, Sin is al - ways near.

CHORUS.

Je - sus loves our pil - grim band; He will lead us by the hand,

Lead us to the bet - ter land, To our home on high.

2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

5 I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here,
But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.

119 Praise Him, Praise Him.

Anon. Adapted by M. R.

1. Praise him, praise him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren,
2. Love him, love him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren,

He is love, he is love, Praise him, praise him,
He is love, he is love, Love him, love him,

all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, he is love.
all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, he is love.

3 ‖: Serve him, serve him, all ye little children,
He is love, he is love. :‖

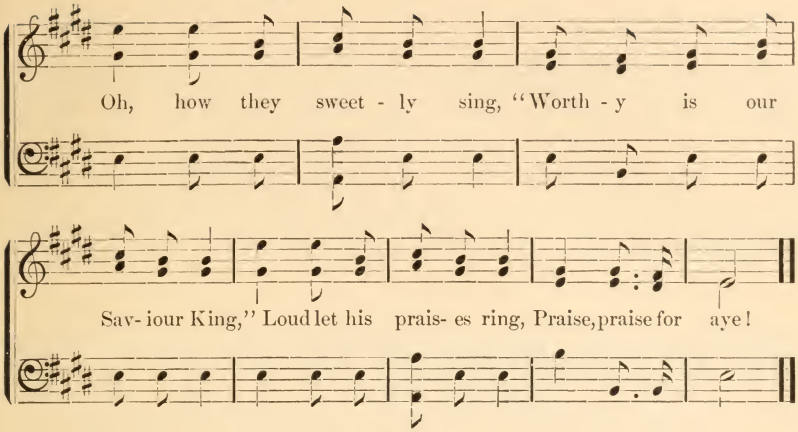
4 ‖: Crown him, crown him, all ye little children,
He is love, he is love. :‖

120 Happy Land.

Andrew Young. Indian Air.

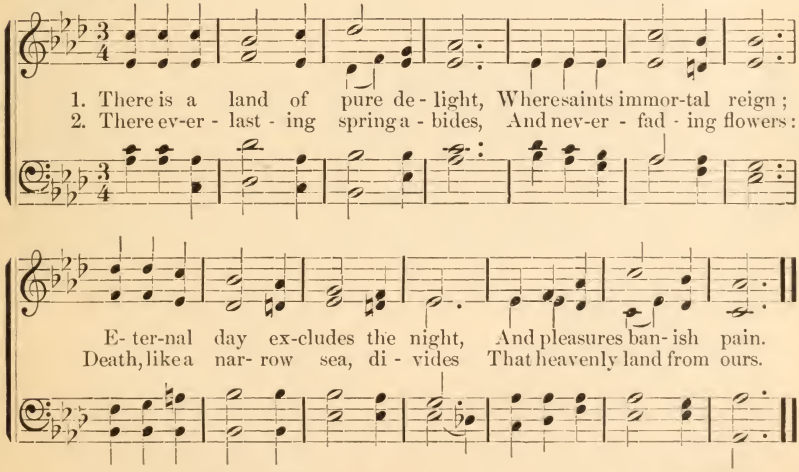
1. { There is a hap - py land Far, far a - way,
Where saints in glo - ry stand Bright, bright as day; }

Happy Land.—Concluded.



121 St. Agnes.

ISAAC WATTS. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

122 Every Morning the Red Sun.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. J. ADCOCK.

1. Ev- 'ry morn- ing the red sun Ris - es warm and bright;

But the eve - ning com- eth on, And the dark, cold night:

FULL.

There's a bright land far a - way, Where 'tis nev - er end - ing day.

2 Every spring the sweet, young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away;
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song;
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow him;
But we cannot see him here,
For our eyes are dim;
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see his face.

5 Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right;
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white;
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

123 Heaven.

M. R. Adapted by M. R.

1. Far a- way a blessed country Waits for ev - er- more, Ma- ny wea- ry travellers Have reached that heav'nly shore; There the fields are fairer far Than an - y earth can show, Trees cast cooling shadows, And sweet flowers grow.

2 Lo, with arms outstretched to greet,
Our loving Shepherd stands,
Tenderly the lambs he calleth
To those heavenly lands;
There within a fold eternal,
Danger cannot come,
All who enter in have found
A blessed home.

3 Sorrow ne'er shall enter there
And crying is not known,
Happiness awaits us more
Than ever earth hath shown:
Grant us, Lord, at last to meet
With thee and those we love,
To live forevermore in that
Blest home above.

Hymn for Memorial Day.

ANNA M. PRATT. Adapted by M. R.

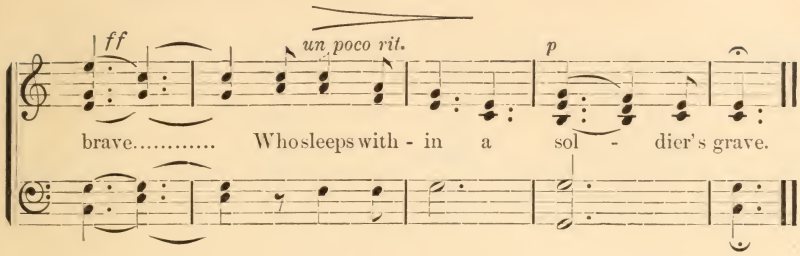
1. Chil - dren, bring your sweet - est flow - ers, North and

South and East and West, Bring the flow'rs you love the

best, Lay them where the sol- diers rest; Chil - dren, bring your sweet- est

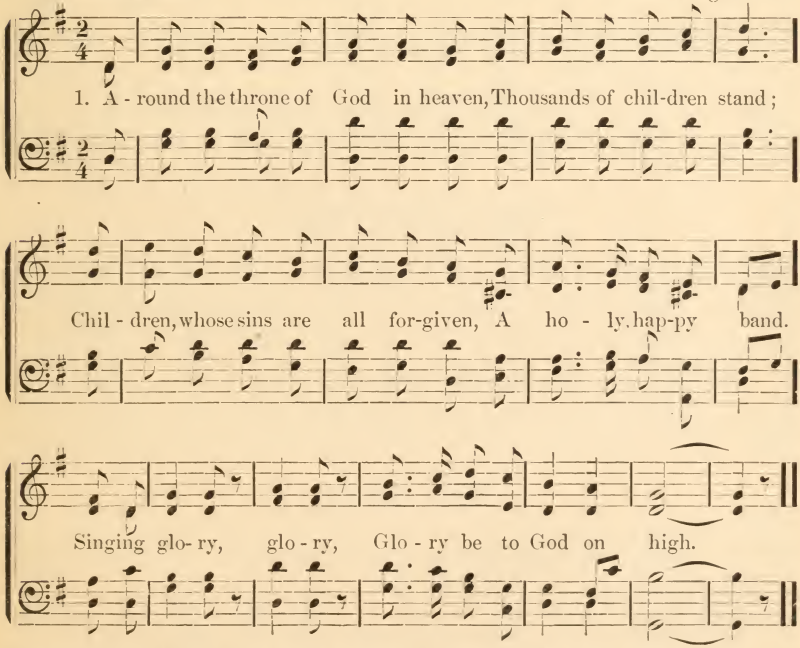
flow'rs In mem'ry of the gift they gave, Ev -'ry no - ble man and

Hymn for Memorial Day.—Concluded.



125 Patmos.

ANNE SHEPHERD. English.

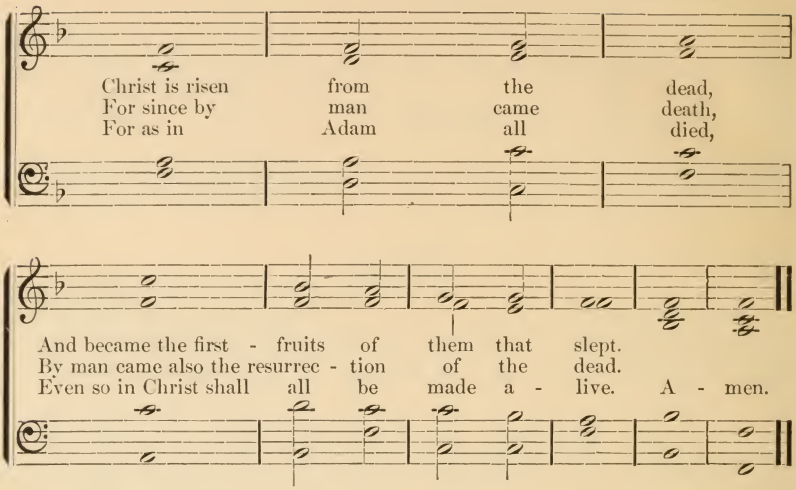


2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,—
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?

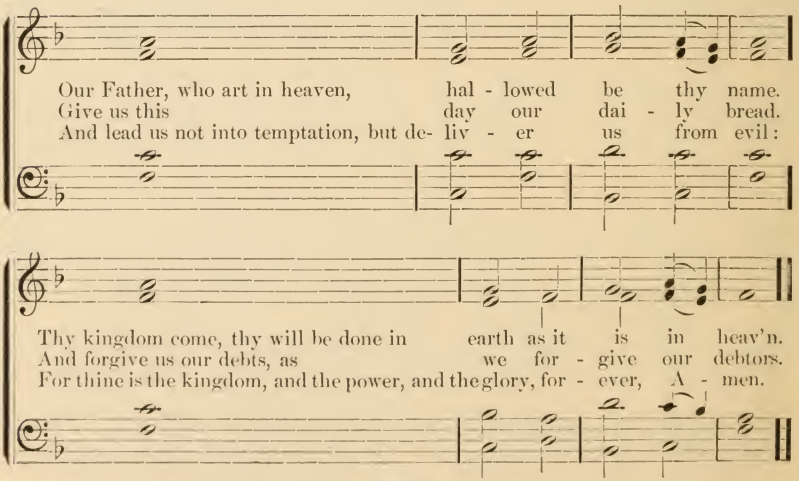
3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

1 Chant for Easter.

R. Farrant.

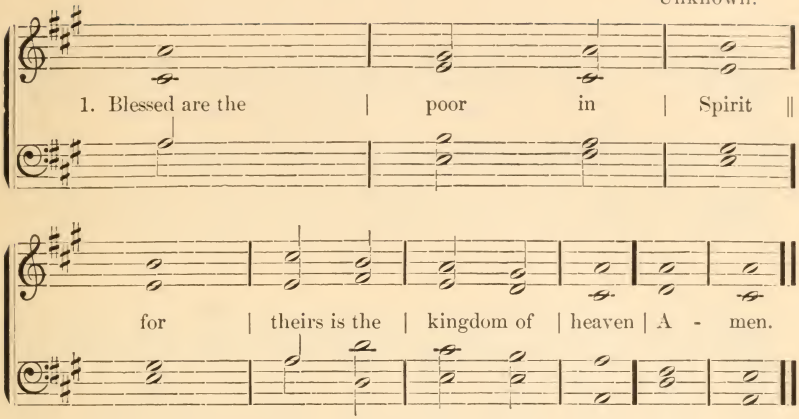


2 The Lord's Prayer.



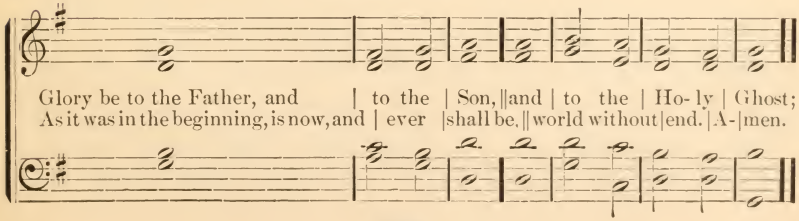
3 The Beatitudes.

Unknown.



2. Blessed are | they that | mourn || for | they shall be | comfort- | ed.
3. Blessed | are the | meek || for | they shall in- | herit the | earth.
4. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after | right-eous- | ness || for | they— | shall be | filled.
5. Blessed are the | mer-ci- | ful || for | they shall ob- | tain— | mercy.
6. Blessed are the | pure in | heart || for | they shall | see— | God.
7. Blessed are the | peace- — | makers || for they shall be called the | children | of— | God.
8. Blessed are they which are persecuted for | righteous—ness' | sake || for | theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.
9. Blessed are, ye when men shall revile you and | perse-cute | you || and shall say all manner of evil against you | false-ly | for my sake.
10. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your re- | ward in | heaven || for so persecuted they the | prophets which | were be— | fore you. Amen.

4 Gloria Patri.



Acrostic Chants.

These chants may be used separately, or together after the children have learned the verses.

H. H. C.

J

Jesus said unto him, "If thou wilt be perfect, Go and

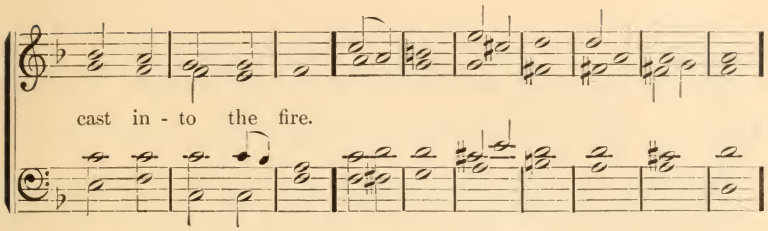
sell, that thou hast, and give to the poor and

thou shalt have treas-ure in heaven.

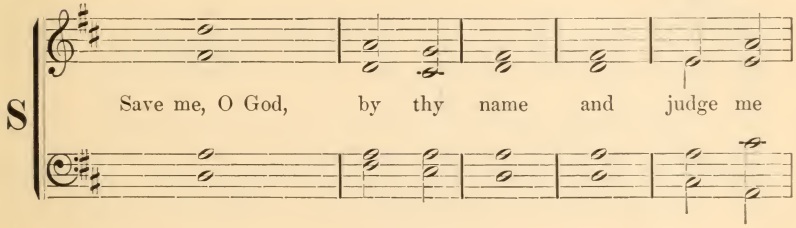
W. Russell.

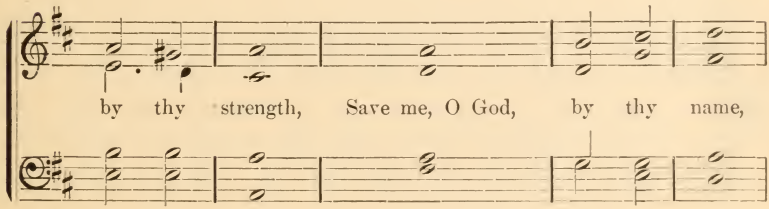
E

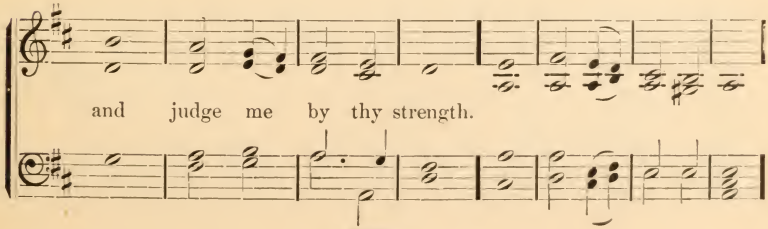
Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and


cast in - to the fire.

Dr. Boyce.


S
Save me, O God, by thy name and judge me


by thy strength, Save me, O God, by thy name,


and judge me by thy strength.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

U

Un - to thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that

dwell-est in the heavens.

DEAN ALDRICH.

S

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him

while..... he is near.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

Dr. Crotch.

C

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heav - y laden, and I will

give you rest.

H. H. C.

H

Him that com - eth un - to me, I will in no.....

wise cast out.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

R

Re - joice in the Lord, O ye righteous, for praise is come-ly, is

come - ly for the up-right.

Dr. Woodward.

I

I love them that love me, and they that seek me

ear - ly shall find me.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

S

Sure - ly good- ness and mer - cy shall fol - low me

all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the

house of the Lord for - ev - er.

Rev. Dr. F. A. G. Ouseley.

T

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I will walk in thy paths. A - men.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

"Save thy people and bless thine inheritance."—Psalm 28 : 9.

H. H. C.

S

Show us thy mer - cy, O..... Lord, and

grant us thy sal - va - tion.

H. H. C.

A

A soft..... an - swer turn- eth a- way wrath, but griev - ous

words stir up an - ger.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

"Vain is the help of man."

H. H. C.

V

Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, I say un - to you,

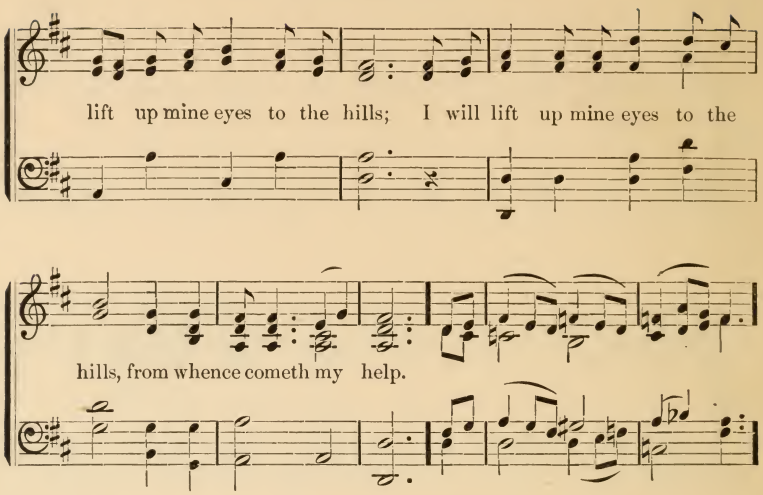
he that be - liev - eth, he that be - liev - eth on me

hath ev - er - last - ing life.

Anon.

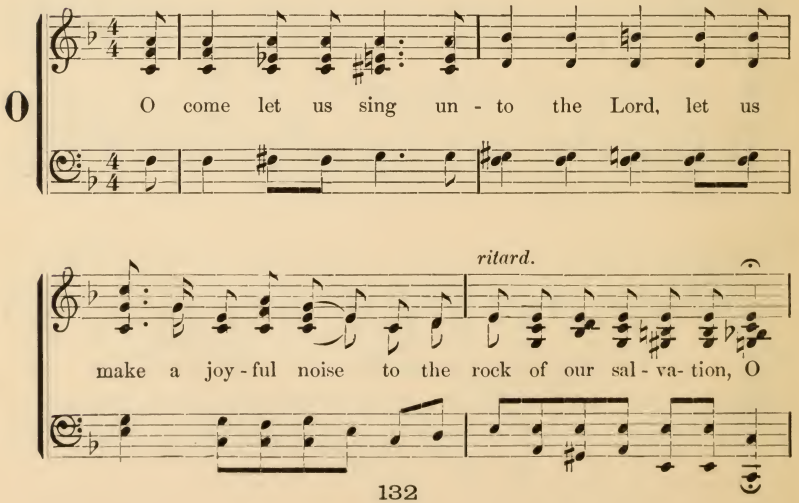
I

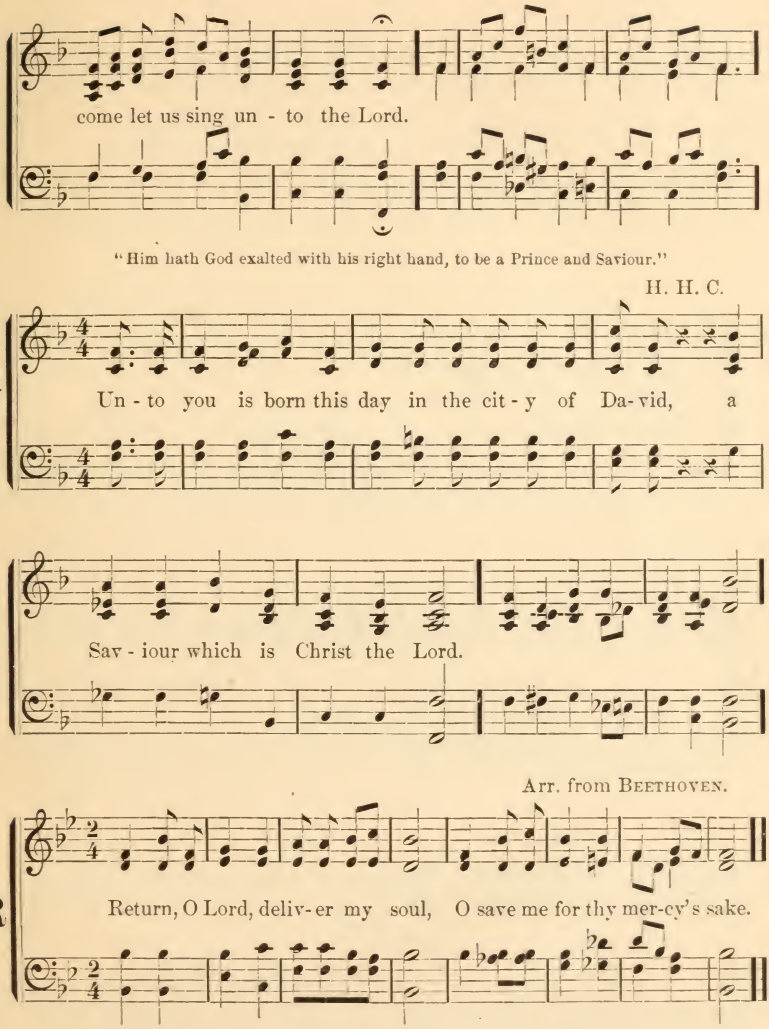
I will lift up mine eyes to the hills; I will



"O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

H. H. C.





Sing:—"Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us." No. 39.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

Allegro.

L

Let not your heart be troub - led, ye be-lieve in God, be-

lieve al - so in me.

H. H. C.

Andante.

A

As the hart pant-eth af-ter the wa - ter brooks, so pant-eth my

soul af - ter thee, O God.

H. H. C.

M

My sheep..... hear my voice, and..... they

fol - low me.

H. H. C.

B

Bear ye one an - oth - ers bur - dens, and

so ful - fill the law of Christ.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

O

O come let us sing un - to the Lord, let us make a joy- ful

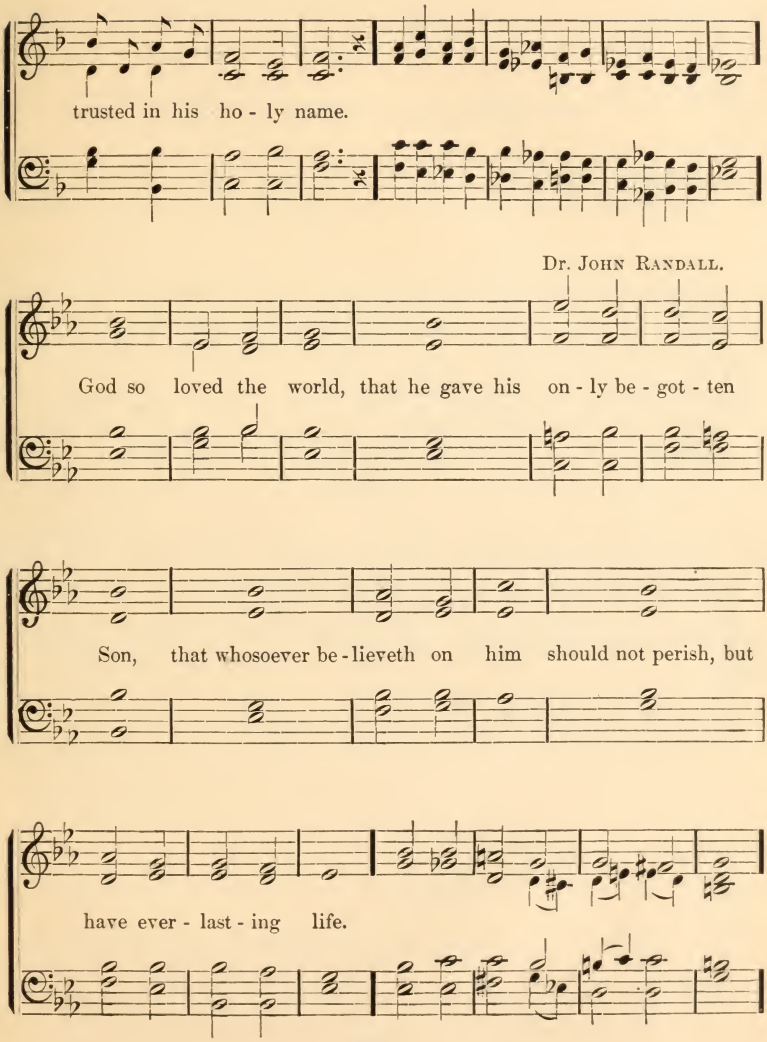
noise to the Rock of our sal - va - tion, O come let us sing un -

to the Lord.

H. H. C.

F

For our heart shall re- joice in him, be - cause we have


trusted in his ho - ly name.
Dr. John Randall.
G
God so loved the world, that he gave his on - ly be - got - ten
Son, that whosoever be - lieveth on him should not perish, but
have ever - last - ing life.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

O

O give thanks un - to the Lord, for he is good, for his

mer - cy en- dur - eth for - ev - er.

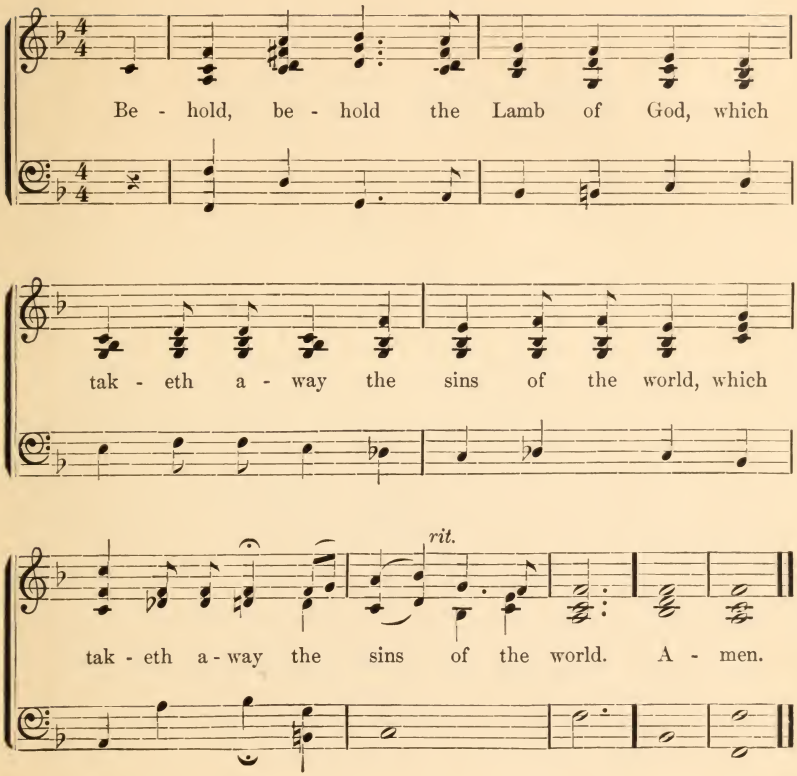
H. H. C.

D

De - part from e - vil and do good, seek peace and pur -

sue it.

Acrostic Chants.—Concluded.



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1

Weißt du wie viel Sternlein stehen
an dem blauen Himmelszelt.
Weißt du wie viel Wolken gehen
Weit hinüber alle Welt?
Gott der Herr hat sie gezählet
Daß ihm auch kein eines fehlet
An der ganzen großen Zahl
" " " " "

2

Weißt du wie viel Mücklein spielen
In der heißen Sonnengluth?
Wie viel Fischlein auch sich kühlen
In der kellen Wasserfluth?
Gott der Herr, rief sie mit Namen
Daß sie all ins Leben kamen
Daß sie nun so fröhlich sind
" " " " " "